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SIXTEENTH YEAR OF PUBLICATION

SAMUEL TRAVERS CLOVER - - EDITOR

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LINCOLN, 1809-1909

CONGRESS is debating which of three plans to choose to provide "an enduring memorial to Abraham Lincoln," but the deliberations at Washington surely are of a supererogatory nature, since the great President has long since attained that most enduring of all monuments, a shrine in the hearts of his countrymen. All over this fair nation which he, more than any other individual, helped to make one and inseparable, a grateful people this week have been observing the centennial of the first of all Americans whose great heart, illimitable patience, all-embracing sympathy and intellectual qualities have so endeared their possessor to posterity. It is well that the adolescent, in the public schools, have been given opportunity to learn from the lips of their elders those lessons which the unselfish life of this modern Man of Sorrows has taught. The day will come to them, as it has come to their fathers, to help inculcate in their children the love and veneration for a treasured memory—a memory that surely is to be regarded as one of the most precious of their heritable rights.

Slowly, but certainly, the fullest measure of justice is being paid to the wonderful attributes of Lincoln. His was a greatness requiring no pomp or glitter of circumstance to impress the populace. Unpretentious, never a poser, as one of his recent commentators has said: "His wit had to saunter forth in homespun or go naked; there were no silks and satins of the academies in which to clothe it." Students of his early life realize how utterly incongruous the usual trappings of exalted position would have appeared on this man of the people. Not that his simplicity of manner implied or produced any real lack of dignity. Stoddard tells us that "the most superficial observer, looking in upon Lincoln and

his cabinet of uncommonly strong men, during an hour of trial and its counsels, could have had no difficulty in pointing out their unquestionable chief and leader."

He was no political trimmer. He never kept his ear to the ground, eager to catch the murmurings of the multitude. Whatever the duties of the hour required, unhesitatingly they were performed, no matter how unpopular they might prove. As Lowell says: "He knew to bide his time" and in the end his actions were justified by the march of events. What a task was his in those stormy days of the Rebellion and how admirably he bore himself! The recipient of countless individual sorrows, his patient, sympathetic ear never failed to incline to those in distress and the cheering word, the homely but sound advice, the great charity in his nature, the noble quality of mercy, was ever forthcoming. Is it

THE MAN LINCOLN

Not as the great who grow more great
Until from us they are apart—
He walks with us in man's estate;
We know his was a brother heart.
The marching years may render dim
The humanness of other men,
Today we are akin to him
As they who knew him best were then.

Wars have been won by mail-clad hands,
Realms have been ruled by sword-hedged
kings,
But he above these others stands
As one who loved the common things;
The common faith of man was his,
The common faith in man he had—
For this today his grave face is
A face half joyous and half sad.

A man of earth! Of earthy stuff,
As honest as the fruitful soil,
Gnarled as the friendly trees, and rough
As hillsides that had known his toil;
Of earthy stuff—let it be told,
For earth-born men rise and reveal
A courage fair as beaten gold
And the enduring strength of steel.

So now he dominates our thought,
This humble great man holds us thus
Because of all he dreamed and wrought,
Because he is akin to us.
He held his patient trust in truth
While God was working out His plan,
And they that were his foes, forsooth,
Come to pay tribute to the Man.

Not as the great who grow more great
Until they have a mystic fame—
No stroke of fortune nor of fate
Gave Lincoln his undying name.
A common man, earth-bred, earth-born,
One of the breed who work and wait—
His was a soul above all scorn,
His was a heart above all hate.

—WILBUR D. NESBIT.

any wonder that such an one should be gathered close to the hearts of his people? Is it surprising that when news of his tragic ending was flashed across the country strong men wept as babes and, like Rachel mourning for her children, refused to be comforted?

Reveled by his enemies, bitterly criticized by those who misunderstood him, the butt of satire, the object of personal detestation to those who opposed his policies; yet through all maintaining his course, unswervingly, regardless of vituperation, calumny and ridicule. We of a later generation, reviewing these additional burdens, aside from the greater responsibilities of the nation which he had assumed, may come to realize why his face insensibly took on that mask of sadness so characteristic of Lincoln, and to understand better why he found so great a solace in telling a humorous story in times of marked stress. "If it were not for this occasional vent, I should die," he once apologetically remarked

to a friend. It is not a subject for criticism. It was a God-given attribute. It was a saving grace.

No matter how he is viewed, whether as the untutored lad in homespuns, eager for knowledge, hungry for good reading, as the country legislator, the masterful debater, the acute politician; as orator, tactician, patriot or President, his individuality looms large and compels the deepest admiration and love. Let those who will call him a despot. He was chosen to do a certain thing—restore the Union—and to that purpose he bent the whole force of his marvellous mind, refusing to be dissuaded from his set purpose by threats or cajolery, by argument or artifice. His was a God-appointed mission and he knew that having fulfilled it he was destined to be removed in body from the tempest-tossed Republic that but for him would have come to grief on the rocks of sedition.

It will be forty-four years in April since the hand of the assassin struck him down, but not a hundred Booths, nor hundreds of years could remove his spirit from the united nation he so materially helped to perpetuate. Children yet unborn and untold generations to come shall feel the influence of this greatest of all Americans, shall learn to revere his broad humanity, his love of justice, of truth, of the right; and their verdict, centuries hence, shall be as our verdict is today, that to Abraham Lincoln this country owes a debt of gratitude it can only repay in part by striving to profit by the lessons of his life, by helping to raise to the highest ethical standards the nation for whose endurance he yielded his heart's blood.

MAYOR HARPER'S OPPORTUNITY

WITH THE self-effacement of Mr. W. D. Stephens as a recall candidate for mayor comes a great opportunity to Mayor Harper. There is no disguising the fact that the abnegation of Mr. Stephens has temporarily weakened the forces for good government that demand the retirement of the executive. How far-reaching this may prove were idle speculation, and unprofitable; that question is not the one at issue. That another good citizen will be found ready to enter the lists and battle for the right is certain, and that a relentless war will be waged against the mayor is equally positive. It will be a bitter contest in which many unpleasant personalities are sure to enter, giving to Los Angeles much undesirable notoriety and inviting endless satirical gibes and jeers from the northern metropolis, which already have had a beginning.

There is a way to stop the mouths of all carpers and to avoid the use of the recall. The Graphic has previously pointed it out to Mayor Harper. It lies in his resignation from office. To do so is not necessarily an admission of guilt, but rather a measure of lofty patriotism. To avoid the contumely that must inevitably attach to the municipality if the recall fight is carried to its logical conclusion Arthur C. Harper must sacrifice his pride, put aside his personal predilections and relinquish his badge of authority. It will cause a wrench to his amour propre, but this must be regarded as the price of his errors in appointing to office men who have fallen far short of the standards of a city of the character of Los Angeles had just expectation of seeing maintained. In no other way can Mr. Harper re-establish himself in the eyes of his fellow citizens, whose confidence he has abused by his stubborn disregard of the proprieties.

This is not to be construed as a reflection on Mr. Kern. That appointment we regard as the least of Mayor Harper's official sins. We refer chiefly to the personnel of his police commission which, from first to last, with rare exceptions, has brought to his administration only trouble and disgrace. Why Mr. Harper chose to sur-

round himself with such a class of appointees, wholly foreign to his pre-official list of associates, is amazing to his friends. He has grieved the judicious and outraged the community by his lack of discernment, his blind folly, and now he is but reaping the consequences.

We refuse to believe that Mayor Harper has profited financially by the unpardonable acts of his subordinates; rather is he the victim of their unmoral, if not immoral, proceedings. But he is responsible for their official being and to him, primarily, the chief blame must attach. Now comes the opportunity to expiate his folly! We call upon Mayor Harper to resign his office, leaving to the city council the duty of electing a successor, in accordance with the provisions of the charter in the event of an unfilled tenure of office of the mayor. This course will put a peremptory quietus on all existing controversies, restore tranquility to a much disturbed city and earn for the voluntarily-retired mayor the gratitude of all citizens, who will forgive and forget in view of his sacrifice. Are you a big enough man to do this, Mayor Harper?

SPEAKER STANTON'S MEASURE

FOLLOWING in the admirable course of Governor Gillett, whose conduct in the recent attempted anti-Japanese legislation at Sacramento cannot be too highly commended, is the spirited attitude assumed by Speaker P. A. Stanton of Los Angeles, whose prompt action last week in taking the floor to reply to the demagogical utterances of that chronic blatherskite, Grove L. Johnson, had the effect of delaying the passage of the proposed anti-Jap school bill and ultimately of giving the unwise measure its coup de grace, so far as the present session of the legislature is concerned.

In no respect has Speaker Stanton disappointed his constituents, since he was chosen to preside over the assembly, and in many ways he has proved himself a much bigger man than even his close friends suspected was true of him. His rulings have been just, his decisions wise, his attitude on all questions affecting the commonwealth impeccable. Considering that for several previous sessions Mr. Stanton aspired to the speakership unavailingly, but did not relinquish his ambition, the people are the gainers by his persistence. Perhaps an inscrutable Providence was holding him back for a purpose; if so, the achievement that has crowned the speaker's efforts is additional evidence of a supernal power that is directing the universe to its ultimate good.

As to this absurd anti-Japanese folly, this harping upon a great menace to the country by reason of the alleged overweening ambitions of the Mikado's subjects we have no shadow of sympathy with it. We believe with President Scherer of Throop Polytechnic—himself long a resident in Japan, who addressed the City club last Saturday—in the absolute good faith of the Japanese government toward America and the world powers; that the mikado and his advisors want, above all things, to deepen and make perpetual the peace pact now existing between this country and Japan. To quote Count Komura, the premier, on this subject:

I will guarantee that my government and people, in the years to come, as in the past, will not only keep this great historic peace, but will do all that is possible to deepen and enrich this friendship. No misunderstanding shall weaken this glorious friendship between our nations.

President Scherer admitted that it was not impossible for the opposition to force the hand of the Japanese government into hostility with other countries, but in this instance far from likely. In the event of a war between America and Japan he was right in declaring it would be a crime against civilization, adding that America would be doubly to blame if, "in the face of the friendly welcome to our fleet and innumerable other tokens of kindness, we should permit rash legislation here or there that might inflame a restless and highly sensitive people beyond the point of restraint."

These are the sentiments of all sensible and loyal citizens. It is time to administer political knock-out drops to the Grove Johnsons, the Drews and others of their ilk, who, for unpatriotic reasons, seek to stir up animosity against the peaceful and inoffensive Japs who by treaty rights are entitled to admission to these shores.



LITERARY SIDE

IN REFERRING to the literary side of Abraham Lincoln it is with no thought of depicting him as a literary man, as we have come to understand the modern acceptance of that term. Lincoln, it is true, was a natural poet, a born humorist, a close observer, a deep thinker and a keen student of his fellow-men, all of which are valuable requisites for him who turns to literature for a living, with any hope of achieving permanent success. In addition, he possessed those temperamental and spiritual qualities without which no writer can give soul to his work, however brilliant a mind he may have.

And yet the only book now or ever extant of his illustrious authorship is a small pocket memorandum book containing extracts from his published speeches on the subject of "Negro Equality." This unique volume, a facsimile of which has been reproduced, as nearly as possible, precisely as it came from his pen and hand, was written and compiled by Mr. Lincoln for his staunch friend, Captain Brown who, in the celebrated campaign of 1858, when Lincoln and Douglas

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Our planet's course around the sun,
Once more the day has brought us,
Which takes us to the birth of one
Who noble lessons taught us;
The day, when on life's busy stage,
Appeared that gallant actor—
The friend, the patriot and sage,
The nation's benefactor.

Though obstacles, in early life,
Stood frequently before him,
Though clouds of penury and strife,
Hung dubiously o'er him—
The smiles of fortune, one by one,
Beamed on his humble station,
And fame declared her sturdy son
The hero of the nation.

America's true president!
In Freedom's cause he perished;
He saw, by foul oppression rent,
The soil his fathers cherished!
He grieved and prayed for them who strove
With servile chains around them;
And, with the strength of human love,
He broke the gyves that bound them.

True, independent, liberal, brave,
Love's mighty power revealing,
The glint of gold could not deprave
His warmth of human feeling!
He saw the grand, the good in all—
In every work and creature;
And, though scarce known in Learning's hall,
The great world was his Teacher.

From sire to son, posterity
Shall tell the martyr's story,
Who slew the fiend of Slavery,
And ages sing his glory.
And brighter yet the deeds will glow
Which to the world entwined him,
And stronger still the ties shall grow
That to our bosoms bind him.

—HENRY REED CONANT.

were opposing candidates for United States senator from Illinois, quoted from it frequently throughout the canvass, as the authoritative statement of Lincoln's views on the subject of "negro equality," social and political.

Captain Brown carefully preserved the Lincoln scrap-book and at his death in 1868 it passed to his sons, William and Benjamin W. Brown of Grove Park, Ill., by whom it is still owned, and to whom J. McCann Davis of Springfield, Ill., is indebted for permission to reproduce this literary curiosity. But while this may be Abraham Lincoln's one and only book, we all know that his permanent contributions to literature could not be condensed into this miniature volume. It is in his public speeches, his informal addresses, his letters and his state papers we find that remarkable literary power characteristic of all his writings, and indelibly stamped with his strange and fascinating individuality. Little wonder that men of culture and deep learning have marveled at the faultless perfection of Lincoln's style, which one great critic has said "eludes a final analysis

as completely as do the exquisite pages of America's great romancer, Nathaniel Hawthorne." It was the author of "The Scarlet Letter," our readers will recall, who, when asked once to explain the secret of his style, replied: "It comes from the desire to tell the simple truth as honestly and vividly as I can." In those words we may catch a hint of one of the great causes of Mr. Lincoln's perfection of style.

His letters to his war generals, to Grant, McClellan, Hooker, Burnside, and to his secretary of state, Seward, are marvels of compact statement, while his knowledge of the military situation reveals an extraordinary mind. As an illustration of the breadth of the man we quote in full his letter to General Hooker, dated at the executive mansion, Washington, Jan. 26, 1863. It carried the appointment of General Joseph Hooker as successor of General Burnside as commander of the army of the Potomac, and is regarded as one of Lincoln's most characteristic utterances—frank, kind, and gravely ironical. It reads:

Major-General Hooker: General—I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course, I have done this upon what appear to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you. I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which of course I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is valuable, if not an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think that during General Burnside's command of the army you have taken counsel of your ambition and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command. Only those generals who gain success can set up dictators. What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit that you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticizing their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you as far as I can to put it down. Neither your nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it; and now beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories. Yours very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

In his letter to Mrs. Bixby of Boston, dated Nov. 21, 1864, note the homely pathos, the supreme faith, the deep feeling of the great heart seen in this brief communication. It reads:

Dear Madam: I have been shown in the files of the War department a statement of the adjutant-general of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save. I pray that our heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom. Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

A. LINCOLN.

No doubt many readers of The Graphic have studied Mr. Lincoln's inaugural address, delivered March 4, 1861. They will recall that simple, earnest, forceful speech, devoid of florid rhetoric, with no magniloquent periods, no flamboyant spread-eagleism, such as so many of our orators love to indulge in and which, it must be confessed, our people love to hear. That, however, was not Mr. Lincoln's style. His was not the oratory of a Burke or a Webster, and in his speeches we may look in vain for what is commonly regarded as "oratorical" quality. But above and beyond that we find structural order, clearness, sense of proportion, ease and simplicity, which combine to place so much of his public utterances in the realms of literature.

That first inaugural address may have been disappointing to certain impulsive northerners, as

OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN



Mr. Morse suggests in his admirable life of Lincoln; but to those thoughtful citizens who read and studied the address, it gave general satisfaction. In the closing paragraph is seen the utmost purity of style combined with great force and compression. It is of the highest standard of literature. Remember, this was before the break, when he was addressing south as well as north. He reached his climax in these thrilling words: "I am loath to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break, our bond of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chords of the union when again touched, as surely they will be by the better angels of our nature."

Can we wonder that the London Spectator, that acknowledged literary authority, in reviewing one of Lincoln's lofty public utterances, declared him to be "among the greatest masters of prose ever produced by the English race."

His great address at Cooper institute marked Lincoln's first appearance before an eastern audience. It was, perhaps, the most carefully prepared speech Mr. Lincoln ever made, and that it was most heartily received we all know. It was no common rail-splitter who rendered that forcible, able analysis of the conditions then confronting the country. There are biting sentences throughout, that will never die. Who can forget that comprehensive reply to one of the opposition in which he said:

But you will not abide the election of a Republican president! In that supposed event you say you will destroy the Union, and then you say the great crime of having destroyed it will be upon us! That is cool. A highwayman holds a pistol to my ear and mutters between his teeth, 'Stand and deliver, or I shall kill you, and then you will be a murderer!'

What could be more to the point than this fetching bit of sarcasm? Is it strange that he confounded his detractors? All through that great address we find deep human sympathy mingled with a clear mastery of words that compels the most unbounded respect from every lover of perfect English—and this is to lay aside the other great forces that made for clear, intelligent, deep feeling and beauty. As Hamilton Mabie says: "His was a voice, vibrating, pathetic and persuasive. Like Burns, he held the key to the life of his people."

The oftener we read Lincoln's speeches and addresses the more impressed we become with a sense of the Godhead in man. It seems to us that if ever a human being may be said to be inspired it was this sad-eyed man, "uncouth of limb and courtly of heart," who rose to each new demand and met it adequately.

"When he speaks (wrote Lowell in 1864) it seems as if the people were listening to their own thinking aloud." President Stryker of Hamilton college put it a little differently when he said: "His alert ear heard always that little click which precedes the striking of the clock."

And yet this was the man for whom "no satire was too pointed, no ridicule too coarse, no calumny too vile, no vituperation too profane," and who was described by both American and English journalists—we blush for them—as a "gorilla" and as "the Illinois ape." It is almost impossible for the present generation to conceive of such foul abuse being applied to Mr. Lincoln, but in rightly measuring this illustrious character these additional burdens need to be taken into consideration. Remembering this calumny, those closing words in his second inaugural address will convey a more pregnant meaning to the younger students of American history. What a superb, a remarkable ending:

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow,

and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

One of the simplest yet most eloquent of his short speeches was that made to the One Hundred and Sixty-sixth Ohio regiment, Aug. 22, 1864. As a gem of thought, as it is of consummate English, it is worth printing here. Note the direct simplicity of the opening sentence:

Soldiers: I suppose you are going home to see your families and friends. For the services you have done in this great struggle in which we are all engaged, I present you sincere thanks for myself and for the country. I almost always feel inclined, when I happen to say anything to soldiers, to impress upon them in a few brief remarks, the importance of success in this contest. It is not merely for today, but for all time to come, that we should perpetuate for our children's children that great and free government which we have enjoyed all our lives. I beg you to remember this, not merely for my sake, but for yours. I happen, temporarily, to occupy this White House. I am a living witness that any one of your children may look to come here as my father's child has. It is in order, that each one of you may have, through this free government which we have enjoyed, an open field and a fair chance for your industry, enterprise and intelligence; that you may all have equal privileges in the race of life, with all its desirable human aspirations. It is for this the struggle should be maintained, that we may not lose our birthright—not only for one, but for two or three years. The nation is worth fighting for, to secure such an inestimable jewel.

While Mr. Lincoln has been allotted a permanent place in literature for much that he has written, there is one of his compositions that has at-

MY CAPTAIN

O Captain! My Captain! Our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
The bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! My Captain! Rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores acrowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, the eager faces turning;
Here, Captain! Dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage clos'd and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck, while my Captain lies
Fallen cold and dead.

—WALT WHITMAN.

tained pre-eminence "by virtue of that felicity of style which gives to the largest thought the beauty of perfect simplicity." We allude to that classic address delivered at Gettysburg, Nov. 19, 1863, at the dedication of the National Military cemetery. It is known wherever the English language is spoken and is justly regarded as "proof enough, were there no other, of Lincoln's place among the masters of English speech." Mr. Nicolay has told us that it was delivered without any effort at oratorical effect; but its perfection of feeling and of phrase was instantly and universally recognized. This is a fitting occasion to refresh the minds of our readers with this "most memorable utterance of human eloquence":

Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers

brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow, this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; that the government of the people by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

That momentous document, the act of Emancipation has been well termed the third great state paper marking the progress of our Anglo-Saxon civilization. "First is the Magna Charta arrested by the barons of England from King John; second, the Declaration of Independence; and third, worthy to be placed upon the tablets of history, side by side with the two preceding, is Abraham Lincoln's Proclamation of Emancipation."

We repeat the question that has recurred so constantly to many groping students: How did Lincoln gain this remarkable insight into the structure of English, this freedom and skill in the selection and combination of words? One commentator says he might have read, if circumstances had been favorable, a large part of the work of Irving, Bryant, Poe, Hawthorne, Emerson, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow and Thoreau as it came from the press; but he was entirely unfamiliar with it, apparently, until later in his career, and it is doubtful if even at that period he knew it well or cared greatly for it.

Although, as Mr. Mabie points out, he was the contemporary of every distinguished man of letters in America to the close of the war, from none of them does he appear to have received literary impulse or guidance. "He was singularly isolated by circumstances and by temperament," observes this same writer, "from those influences which usually determine, within certain limits, the quality and character of a man's style."

But a study of his life shows what a great passion he had for knowledge and for companionship with great writers. One of his biographers tells us he was constantly jotting down on scraps of paper, the smooth side of a board, a shovel—anything that came handy—thoughts or phrases which had impressed him. Mr. Lincoln once told a friend, who asked how he attained such extraordinary clearness of style, of his early habit of retaining in his memory words or phrases caught in conversation or met in books and of meditating upon them until he arrived at their meaning and then translated them into his own simple speech.

But while "he fed himself with thought and trained himself with expression" we know his supreme interest lay first in the men and women about him, and later, in the great questions which agitated them. We know what books were contained in his early library: First, the Bible, that "collection of great literature in prose and verse," a copy of Aesop's Fables, from which he imbibed wisdom, "Robinson Crusoe"—every boy should read that masterpiece of Defoe's—"Pilgrim's Progress," another classic; a history of the United States and, as everyone knows, Weems' "Life of Washington," which latter work, we are told, laid the foundation of his political education. Later in life Shakespeare and Pope came to be great favorites. For Byron he did not care; Milton he learned by heart, but this was not among his early readings, remember. Of our

American poets he preferred their patriotic selections chiefly. His favorite poem we are told was that one beginning:

O why should the spirit of mortal be proud.

It was written by a young Scotchman named Knox. Of Burns' poems Mr. Lincoln was confessedly fond, and this is easy to believe, for there was much in the humble origin and checkered career of Burns, no less than in his tender, homely songs, that appealed to the great heart of the plain man who had journeyed straight from the prairie of Illinois to the national capital. We can readily imagine Mr. Lincoln's close sympathy with the poet who wrote:

The rank is but the guinea's stamp.
The man's the gowd for a' that.

That Mr. Lincoln's mentality grew with his great responsibilities no one who has followed his public utterances can doubt. There was a steady development of his literary powers until, as the scholarly editor of the Atlantic Monthly defines it, "he stood at last on a serener height than other men of his epoch, breathing an ampler air, perceiving more truly the eternal realities."

But while we are trying to account for Mr. Lincoln's lucidity of style, its simplicity, flexibility and compass, "the possession of these rare qualities," declares Hamilton Mabie, "is in no way more surprising than their possession by Shakespeare, Burns and Whitman."

That he owed much to his unusual education, to his close touch with nature, his pioneer ancestry and original experiences, out of which came the higher civilization, is certain. And it is just as certain that it was to this "nearness to the heart of a new country Mr. Lincoln owed his intimate knowledge of his people and his deep and beautiful sympathy with them."

We cannot better conclude this brief consideration of the literary side of the great Emancipator than by quoting from Mr. Lowell's celebrated commemorative ode:

He knew to bide his time
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime
Till the wise years decide.
Great Captains with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But at last silence comes;
These are all gone, and, standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.

Truly, the fame of this great captain, "patient in his simple faith," has outlasted that of all his contemporaries. It is the children's children to-day who behold him, "standing like a tower," and in like manner their children and countless generations yet to come will gaze upon this kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man and acclaim him as the first American.

OUR "DUTY" POINTED OUT

WRITING in the current Collier's Weekly on "Orientophobia," Chester H. Rowell of Fresno asserts that it is California's urgent duty to guard the Pacific coast from oriental invasion if it is to remain a "white man's country." He asks the question, "Shall the frontier of the white man's world be drawn at the Golden Gate or right down the middle of our social structure?" Mr. Rowell is fearful lest we repeat the Hawaiian experiment and amalgamate the white and yellow races to their demoralization. He seems to think we must intermarry, since the Japs are a proud race and our social equals, or bar the doors against their coming.

He does not insist on an immediate exclusion law, or an exclusion treaty, but he professes to voice "the cry of the unborn generations of the west for the right to be born of occidental blood and under American institutions." He would remind us of our "high duty not to surrender at the western border and at the culmination of our civilization the victory which the heroes of Thermopylae won for us at the eastern border in the beginning. It is the one message, the only essential message, which the Pacific coast has to utter to the American people."

We dispute the right of Mr. Rowell to speak for the entire Pacific coast on this question. He is just a little bit hysterical in the matter. There is no such crisis, no such divisional line imminent as he conjures up. California could well

survive with a limited infusion of Chinese every year, instead of total exclusion, and the Japs will make good Americans if we give them half a chance. They are frugal, industrious, peaceful and law-abiding, pretty good requisites in immigrants desirous of being assimilated. The situation is only acute because a few blatherskites up north—and this does not include Mr. Rowell—are eager to commit this state to legislative folly. Mr. Rowell's locale is too near them to get the right perspective, that is all.

GRAPHITES

If President Roosevelt is "astounded" at the attitude of Senator Perkins in advising a policy of wanton insult to the Japanese no one else is, with any knowledge of Mr. Perkins' past record. His scaly appointments prove him to be in sympathy with the limited class of agitators accredited to San Francisco and points contiguous, who are fomenting trouble for professional purposes. They are just about as representative of the real sentiment of California as Senator Perkins is of the state. The former are narrow-minded ignoramuses when they are not unscrupulous demagogues of the Grove Johnson type. As for Perkins, a more disingenuous, shuffling, insincere type of politician never misrepresented the great state of California at the national capital. Six months hence he will be found denying, in his customary sidestepping style, that he ever dreamed of offering insult to a treaty nation.

Another centennial anniversary of great interest to the scientific world was celebrated this week simultaneously with that of Lincoln's. We refer to the centenary of Charles Darwin, who

TOA CAST OF LINCOLN'S HAND

Look on this cast, and know the hand
That bore a nation in its hold;
From this mute witness understand
What Lincoln was—how large of mold.

The man who sped the woodman's team
And deepest sunk the ploughman's share,
And pushed the laden raft astream,
Of fate before him unaware.

Firm hand that loftier office took,
A conscious leader's will obeyed,
And when men sought his word and look,
With steadfast might the gathering swayed.

What better than this voiceless cast
To tell of such a one as he,
Since through its living semblance passed
The thought that bade a race be free.
—EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN.

lived to celebrate his seventieth birthday, surviving the foremost American by seventeen years. To Darwin the world owes his famous "Origin of Species," which worked a revolution in biological science and on which Darwin labored assiduously for twenty years. It was published in complete form in November, 1859, and the edition was eagerly sought by savants everywhere. Twelve years later appeared his famous "Descent of Man," which publication "raised on every side a storm of mingled wrath, wonder and admiration." In particular, the clerical brethren rebelled at the suggestion that the human race was derived "from a hairy quadrumanous animal belonging to the great anthropoid group," and related to the progenitors of the orang-outang, the chimpanzee and the gorilla." Darwin's ideas of evolution were far in advance of the pioneers of the theory of natural selection and although they are not generally accepted by scientists and laymen the Darwinian theory has a large following. The distinguished savant was of gentle character, considerate to everyone and with no great desire for the limelight of publicity personally.

It is curious that in writing of old and new Lincoln literature the biography of Lincoln, written by his friend, John Locke Scripps, in 1859, then the chief editor of the Chicago Press and Tribune, has been entirely overlooked by modern commentators. Credit is given to William Dean Howells for the earliest Lincoln biography, but Mr. Scripps' life preceded that of Howells' by nearly a year. As we stated in these columns last December, Mr. Scripps' daughter, Mrs. Grace Lester Scripps Dyche of Evanston, Ill., reproduced the biography, written by her father, forty-one years after it first appeared in pamphlet form, in a de luxe, black letter, numbered edition of 245 copies, of which the editor of The Graphic is the fortunate possessor of number fifty-five. Mr. Scripps was among the first to

recognize the great qualities that all Lincoln biographers have since acclaimed and Howells was glad to use data furnished by Mr. Scripps, in his biography of Lincoln which saw light a year later.

That is both a novel and commendable idea which the New York World has advanced as a fit way to commemorate the centennial anniversary of the initial trip of Robert Fulton's steamboat on the Hudson river. A prize of \$10,000 is offered for the first person who at the Hudson-Fulton celebration next fall, shall duplicate in the air the voyage of Robert Fulton in the Clermont. As the World says:

One hundred years ago steam propulsion was a prophecy or, as most men thought, a dream. Fulton had offered his plans to the subtlest man in Europe. Napoleon could see no advantage in the invention; where he hesitated others scoffed. But there came a day when the Hudson river was a focus of excitement for all the country as Fulton's clumsy craft made its slow way up the river. Out of her has come the Lusitania.

Aviation is more advanced today than was steam propulsion in Fulton's time. It were idle to scoff at aerial navigation in view of the remarkable exhibitions by the Wrights, Count Zeppelin and other enthusiastic inventors of flying machines. Impracticable now for commercial purposes, but as improvements came to the primitive steamship, so they will come with amazing rapidity to the airships. Two weeks ago The Graphic was found lauding the value of wireless telegraphy as a preventive of shipwreck. That aid to humanity is only ten years old. What may not be possible in flying machines before the twentieth century is well into its second decade?

France in particular and art in general have suffered great loss in the death within two weeks of each other of the famous actor Benoit Constant Coquelin and his younger brother Ernest Alexander Honore—Coquelin cadet. The elder was the better known in America, due to his several professional tours here with Sarah Bernhardt in which his portrayal of Rostand's Cyrano, and Flambeau in L'Aiglon are still a vivid memory. As an interpreter of Moliere's plays Constant Coquelin won the highest measure of praise for his matchless work. Coquelin cadet achieved fame for his whimsical creations, along less serious lines than his brother, and was the author of numerous monologues of great merit. The brothers rest side by side in the quiet and shaded yard of the Actors' Home, near Paris, a retreat founded for aged actors through the munificence of M. Coquelin.

As suspected would prove the case the direct primary bill is faring badly at the hands of the legislature. We have before alluded to a prime fault in the original draft which needed to be corrected before being acceptable, having reference to the clause forbidding the voters of one party to endorse the nominee of another party. By the terms of the bill an aspirant for nomination is required to file an oath or affirmation that he is "a member of the party whose nomination he seeks." As the Examiner comments, "That was certainly bad enough," but the amendment is worse. "The performers" require an actual majority of all the votes at the primary to name a candidate for every office; otherwise the nomination is to be made by a convention." With fine sarcasm the Examiner suggests that should this provision be accepted the letter of the measure should be changed to read, "A bill to establish a direct primary and prevent it from nominating candidates." With half a dozen candidates aspiring to the same nomination it would be a rare occasion when one received a majority of all votes cast, hence the convention would have to select the candidate. It was to be expected that the plan of naming candidates for the United States senate would be frowned upon by the "organization," and that the committee having the bill in charge cut this out is not surprising. It is certain that the people are in no mood to accept any emasculated bill such as the machine leaders are getting ready to offer. The best is none too good.

As the resignation of President Charles W. Eliot of Harvard university does not take effect until May, his successor, Professor Abbott Lawrence Lowell, recently selected by the Harvard corporation, will not assume charge until that date. Dr. Lowell is an author and lawyer, Eaton professor of the science of government and a distinguished scholar. He is a scion of one of the first families of Massachusetts, the city of Lowell having been named after his paternal grandfather and the city of Lawrence after his maternal grandfather. He was fifty-two years old last

month and is a son of one of Boston's foremost financiers in his time. He was a member of the Harvard class of '77, and was graduated with the highest honors in mathematics and was elected to Phi Beta Kappa. In addition to his studious propensities at college he was noted there for his prowess in athletics. He was the crack one and two-mile runner of his class and he won every race in which he entered, breaking many a record. After graduating he entered for law and later practiced in Boston, but resigned to accept the science of government chair at Harvard, which position he has held since 1900. He is the author of a number of stable books in the line of his chosen field of thought, possesses a comfortable fortune, is a friend and admirer of President Roosevelt, and a brother of Professor Percival Lowell, the well-known astronomer. Harvard alumni all over the country are well pleased with the choice of the board of overseers.

FROM THE GOLDEN GATE

How do you like our legislature? That is the question of the hour. In another month the legislature will be forgotten—at least, it is hoped so—and no one, except the senators and assemblymen themselves, will bother about our solons (save the mark!) for another eighteen months or so. But, meantime, the intelligence and sanity of California are being judged throughout the world by the performances of the legislature. The reformers have assured us that the present body is by far the wisest and best that has sat in Sacramento for thirty-three years. That may be true so far as those domestic policies which conserve public morals are concerned. But it is doubtful if any assembly that ever sat in Sacramento has been so anxious to kick up the dust, make a loud noise, and otherwise behave like a bull in a china shop, over the most ticklish question of foreign policy which at present confronts the federal government.

California's prestige in the east and elsewhere has not been increased by the antics of our Japanophobic statesmen in the last two weeks. Governor Gillett has developed into a valuable "foolkiller," but even his coolness and discreet grip on the situation have not been able to prevent damage. It was the governor, who, in an interview the other day, responded to a question concerning the absence of the Atlantic fleet by saying that its presence on this coast at this time might have been valuable if the warships could have trained their guns on the capitol. Gillett is a much bigger man in the estimate of thoughtful Californians, and in the service of the nation, than he was at the beginning of this session. Our own Phil Stanton also has loomed up with unexpected statesmanlike qualities. It may be that his "secret information" was somewhat of a "bluff," but at all events he "called the turn" at an awkward movement.

Doubtless the assemblymen who have pierced the Sacramento fog with "their flaunting of banners and shouting of captains" imagine that they are superlative patriots. But what have they done? At the very time when diplomacy had restored the "entente cordiale" between the United States and Japan, a dozen irritants, calculated to prick the skin of the sensitive little brown men, who were not looking for trouble, are let loose, like so many yellow-jackets to fill the circumference with their buzzing and to sting wherever they light. I have talked in the last few days with several men who have recently returned from Japan and also with not a few very well-informed Japanese. The returned travelers declare that Japan has no "chip on her shoulder" at present, but only because she cannot afford to carry one. There is no "American question" in Tokio, except a sincere desire to preserve amity with Uncle Sam. The Japanese with whom I have talked do not admire Komura; they say he is not a strong man, and that all his policies are shaped with the idea that another war with Russia is inevitable and that America's friendship must be maintained. If they can always find in Washington such a friend as Theodore Roosevelt, they will be well content. They know what a debt of gratitude they owe to Roosevelt for his intervention in 1905. But for Roosevelt, they admit, they might still be fighting, and by this time they might have been getting licked. The Japanese is too cocky to say this in so many words, but he knows, as well as the rest of us, that Japan's resources in both men and money were not far from exhaustion at the time of the Portsmouth conference.

Mr. Hearst is said to regard with pride the fact that he played no small part in precipitating the war with Spain. Whether his energies were in-

spired by patriotism or a desire to sell papers his own soul knows. But what patriotic excuse can Mr. Hearst urge for his present efforts to inflame passion between Japan and the United States? His editors have "played up" the Sacramento imbroglio beyond the limit, but apparently Tokio is fully cognizant of the fact that Mr. Hearst's newspapers exercise an insignificant political influence. Probably Komura knows just how many—or rather how few—votes Mr. Hearst's Independence league polled three months ago. Two or three pages of "war scare" rot every day for a few weeks in a Hearst paper will not even win the result of selling more papers.

I have let my pen run away with me on the "Japanese scare," because it is the question of the hour here, and wherever you go you hear men criticizing and cursing the "legislative idiots" who have stirred up trouble without the smallest provocation. There was no Japanese question until Grove Johnson et al. raised it for their own edification. Some of the speeches reeled off in the assembly last week were studied insults and smacked more of blind and brutal hoodlumism than anything else. For two years the Japanese have been making themselves scarce in California—Chester H. Rowell's outpourings in Collier's notwithstanding. It is believed here that there are not half the Japanese in San Francisco today that there were eighteen months ago, of which fact a walk through the Japanese quarter, west of Van Ness avenue, is convincing.

Already the Calhoun trial is in its fifth week and still a jury is far from being secured. At this writing more than seven hundred talesmen have been examined and only eleven found eligible. When the peremptory challenges start, the box will be at least half emptied. The only extraordinary incident in last week's proceedings was that one juror, John Scollard, a man of intelligence and with decided opinions, displayed such a judicial and fair mind under examination that he was gladly welcomed into the fold by both sides. L. R. Garrett, fresh from his anti-racing victory in Sacramento, dropped into Carpenters' hall last Friday and was an interested spectator

ON A MASK OF LINCOLN'S FACE

Yes, this is he who ruled the world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day—
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken.
A power was his beyond the touch of art,
Of armed strength—his pure and mighty heart.
—RICHARD WATSON GILDER.

throughout a session. Mr. Garrett met Mr. Calhoun, who spoke to him in warm terms of Los Angeles and her people.

That day the senate gave rack-track gambling its quietus, the attenuated form of Guy Barham wafted across the lobby of the St. Francis. Guy refused to admit that he had arrived to attend the obsequies or condole with the mourner-in-chief, his great friend, Tom Williams, but Guy looked pained and explained that the legislature had that day annihilated a portion of his income, for he is a stockholder in the company which owns Emeryville.

Already, the next municipal campaign is talked of, and candidates are cropping up from behind their fences. The poet-mayor, Taylor, would like to be re-elected, but he has no chance of a nomination. "Fuzzy-wuzzy" made many new enemies and has offended many old friends. One of his most stalwart supporters, the big Edgar Mizner, had been slated for the board of public works. But "Fuzzy-wuzzy" forgot him and his services. The other evening Gavin McNab, democracy's leader and famous wit, said to Mizner: "The mayor ought to have made you pound-keeper," to which Mizner rejoined, "Self-preservation prevented his doing that." It was Gavin McNab who said of two millionaire reformers, one in Los Angeles and the other here, "They are both enemies of every man's dollar except their own." Among the candidates already talked of for mayoralty is Marshall Hale, the dry goods merchant. Mr. Hale contested the Republican nomination for congress with "Black" Hayes in the interests of the Lincoln-Roosevelt league. He certainly would not be a "harmony" candidate.

Mace Greenleaf made his debut to a San Francisco audience Monday evening as leading man of the Valencia Theater stock company. Greenleaf found an admirable vehicle for his good looks, excellent clothes and pleasing personality in "Prince Chap." He made a very favorable im-

pression and is destined to rise high in the eyes of the matinee girls. Other actors formerly in stock in Los Angeles, who are now playing under Walter Hoff Seely's management, are Blanche Stoddart, Robert Homans and Gerald Harcourt. There is a pretty romance around this theater in which the manager and the leading woman are playing principal parts. Years ago they were married; then they were divorced; now they are said to be engaged, each waiting for the final decree.

Louis Glass' motion for a new trial was argued before the appellate court last week. The telephone magnate is still recuperating in Southern California and nobody here seems to believe that he will ever again be deprived of his liberty.

R. H. C.

San Francisco, Feb. 10.

THE QUEST

Where dim and cool the forest meets the gate of paradise,
Where winds at dawn croon tenderly their songs of glad surprise;
Where Peace is silent sentinel and Love has conquered Hate—
With timid steps a little child came through the open gate.

It closed behind him noiselessly. His wonder-lighted eyes
Saw but the dewy forest-aisles; forgot all paradise;
And from the shades a piper came, arrayed in motley dress,
And piped a siren song of life that thrilled with mute caress.

"Come thou, my child, the way lies fair." And fearless sped the child
Through dale, o'er hill, through pleasant glen. The piper's song grew wild.
Then spake the child: "O, piper bold, now whither takest me?"
And soft the piper made reply, "To find eternity."

The sunlight traced a latticed path across the perfumed shade,
The golden peace that noon-tide bears embraced the drowsy glade;
And lo! the child became a youth whose eager eyes were clear
Of all the wisdom of the world and knew not woe nor fear.

"Now speed thou swift," he cried in glee, "I know that thou art Fate;
"Twas thy sweet song that lured me on from yonder moss-grown gate."
And whilst he spoke came star-eyed Love from out her biding-place
And laid her arms about his neck, her cheek against his face.

The youth half-sobbed in ecstasy and held her to his breast,
And cried aloud, "O, halt thy speed that Love may dream and rest."
The way grew rough, the rocks grew sharp, the shadows dark and long,
And Love escaped the tender arms, The piper's song waxed strong.

"Now hush thy song, O, piper bold, for Love hath gone from me;
Yon shadows chill my very soul; I will not follow thee.
Thy face is gray and sown with care and sere as autumn leaf:
Thine eyes are steeped in bitterness—O, piper, thou art Grief!"

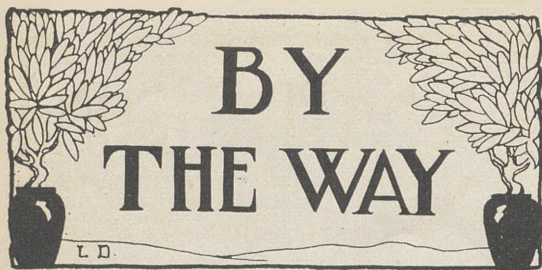
Yet through the Vale of Shades they passed. The youth grew old and gray,
His step was slow, his eyes were dim with dreams of Yesterday.
Then came the piper's gentle voice; "O, mortal, lift thine eyes,
Thy day is done and thou hast found the gate of paradise."

The portals swung. Eternity revealed the mortal's goal;
The peace that no man may conceive enwrapped his weary soul.
In awe he sought the piper's eyes, then spake with bated breath:
"Not Fate wert thou, O, piper bold—not Fate, nor Grief—but Death!"

—CAROLINE REYNOLDS.

It is Editor Axtman Now

South Pasadena is to be congratulated in that W. F. Axtman, one of the best newspaper men that ever came out of Chicago, has bought a controlling interest in the South Pasadena Record and assumed editorial charge this week. As former city editor of the late lamented Evening News and again as financial editor of the Express, Mr. Axtman proved his intrinsic worth. His leading editorial in the Record this week is a model of manly utterance, sound sense and ringing promise. The Graphic wishes him the fullest measure of success.



Trying to Ruin Leo's Digestion

If that handsome young bachelor, Leo Valtus Youngworth, the popular United States marshal, is able to face the clergyman Feb. 24, when he joins the noble band of Benedicts, without experiencing the pangs of indigestion it will be little short of a miracle. Many and elaborate have been the dinners given in his honor by his male friends of late, to say nothing of the pink teas he has attended in company with his fair bride-to-be, Miss Margaret Smith. One of the happiest "stag" banquets, at which Leo sat on the right of the host, was that given by my friend Phil Kitchin, cashier of the Southern Trust company, who entertained at his cosy home on South Hope street last Saturday night with a party of twelve. It was a scintillant group in which I chanced to be the lone "recall member of the cluster. Oscar Lawler, whose fine mental equipment is evidenced in his brilliant conversation, faced the host at the far end of the table. Perry Weidner, banker and a Republican leader, was at Phil Kitchin's left; Oscar Mueller, able lawyer and delightful talker, touched elbows with Postmaster M. H. Flint, whose running fire of commentary allowed not a dull minute to slip into the evening. Dr. H. Bert Ellis was Flint's vis-a-vis and next him sat that physical giant, William P. Jeffries, known as the "engraved bond expert." Other invited guests were Dr. Edward J. Cook, Will Strong and John Llewellyn. It was a rare occasion. The guest of honor refused to make a speech. He intimated he was saving it for the big affair of next Tuesday night, when his friends will give him a rousing bachelor dinner at Levy's that Motley Flint has planned shall be long remembered by those present.

Lynn at the Helm

John Marshall Day is fitly observed each recurring year by the Los Angeles Bar association, which is bound by its constitution to hold its annual meeting February 4. In accordance with custom, on that date the executive officers for the ensuing year were chosen, the honors falling as follows: President, Lynn Helm; senior vice-president, Walter J. Trask; junior vice-president, Oscar A. Trippet; secretary and treasurer, T. W. Robinson; trustees: G. C. de Garmo, Oscar C. Mueller, W. S. Wright, Ward Chapman, E. E. Milliken; members of committee on admission: chairman, J. P. Chandler, Frank Garrett, S. W. Odell, W. W. Butler, J. W. McKinley, Benj. Page, Olin Wellborn, jr. My compliments to President Lynn Helm, erstwhile of Chicago, master in chancery, golf player, and a Gentle Reader by proxy.

Experience of Mrs. Cordelia A. Severance

Mrs. Cordelia A. Severance, wife of the brilliant Minneapolis lawyer assisting the government in prosecuting offenders against the Sherman anti-trust law, who visited in Los Angeles two winters ago, where she has many intimate friends, was among those aboard the steamer Republic when that ill-starred boat came into collision with the Florida. It was Mrs. Severance who held the wounded Mrs. Mooney on her knees for hours, following the tragic death of Mr. Mooney, and who, later, on the Florida, interpreted the wants of the wounded Mr. Lynch to the Italian surgeon in the operating room of the ship. Mrs. Severance does not take any stock in the story of Jim Connelly's alleged cowardice. She says his feverish anxiety to get aboard the Baltic was to file his story to his newspaper, just as we who scouted the ridiculous yarn all along suspected.

Woman Suffrage Poem by a Man

Louis J. Block of Chicago, who visited in Los Angeles two summers ago, has been awarded the Bishop prize of \$100 for the best woman suffrage poem. I happen to know the lucky poet. He is principal of one of the big public schools in his home city and is one of the literary lights of the Little Room of Chicago, that recherche organization of choice spirits which numbers in its ranks many of the brilliant writers, artists and sculptors of the middle west metropolis. Louis Block is a bachelor of—well, never mind; bachelors past fifty are a trifle touchy on that point until they get well beyond three score. I always supposed he was a cynic in regard to women and as for

woman suffrage, I would have given big odds he was against the proposition. Mr. Block's poem is called a "Marching Song." I haven't seen the verses, but my friend "Bill" Lewis, editor of the New York Morning Telegraph, says the poem marches to the tune of "John Brown's Body," but with a limp in the gait suggesting corns. I withhold criticism until Louis sends me a copy. Meanwhile, I congratulate him on getting the hundred. My poetry costs me money. The late Judge Smith assessed me \$17,500 for a quatrain. That was about \$4,375 a line.

Arthur Letts for Mayor

My compliments to Arthur Letts for his excellent work at Sacramento in which he proved his efficiency as a lobbyist in a good cause. Now, if he will put in equally strong licks in the city council, looking to annulment of the ordinance legalizing gambling by dice shaking, he will place the community under additional obligations. In this connection I venture to suggest to the Municipal league that in Arthur Letts the ideal candidate for mayor on a business man's reform platform may be found. I am wondering what the anti-recall dailies would do in the event of Mr. Letts' entering the field. As the heaviest advertiser in the city, they would hardly care to antagonize him by printing half truths or untruths.

Both Papers Were Wrong

"It is hard to find palliation for an offense so atrocious as the assassination of Shakespeare," says the Herald, and thereupon proceeds to give its contemporary, the Times, a lambasting for misquoting Lady Macbeth's language on the occasion of King Duncan's removal. "What she really said (according to her renowned reporter) was:

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood Clean from my hand? No, this my hand will rather The multitudinous seas incarnadine, Making the green one red."

Now, the point of this joke is, that both papers are wrong. The language quoted was used by Macbeth himself, and not by his lady at all.

For Its Annual Overland Cruise

I remember, last year, when the Catalina Yacht club sailed down to Coronado via the Santa Fe flyer, on its annual winter outing, that I poked a little fun at the dry-land yachtsmen. This year, with the idea, I suspect, of pouring coals of fire on my head, I have been invited to join these old salts on the midwinter frolic, my host being the ex-commandore of the club, Colonel William Garland. When I mention that among those booked for the cruise next Saturday are able-bodied seamen Gurney Newlin, Hancock Banning, "Billy" Bell, Burton E. Green, Fred Flint, L. T. Bradford and the ex-commandore named, an idea may be gained that there will be "things doing" from eight bells to the dog watch every day of the three scheduled for the trip. If The Graphic appears a little weather worn the week after my return, with a tang of the salt sea between column rules the reason therefor will be obvious.

Prediction Coming True

From Sacramento comes the news that the salaries of township justices in Los Angeles are to be increased from \$200 to \$300 a month. The Graphic predicted such an advance before the session of the legislature convened, and the bill for the purpose has passed one house, and is certain to go through the other. Of course, incumbents will not be affected.

New and Popuar Beach Club

Through the endeavors of several prominent residents of Ocean Park, a delightful organization was recently formed, christened The Breakers club. Lately, the features and purposes of this beach club were called to my attention. There have been many social organizations formed at nearby beach towns, but none which gave promise of the permanency and growth that this club is assured. A cozy corner of the big Ocean Park pavilion is occupied by the club as its quarters and reception room, parlor, cloak and dressing rooms, as well as dance hall, are attractively furnished to the degree of a home. While the organization was formed and is fostered by Ocean Parkers, its membership is not confined to a local one. Residents of Los Angeles and other lesser towns have been invited to join and the comforts and privileges of the club have presented an alluring incentive to the many who are accustomed to motor from this city to the beach resort. I understand that the club is growing rapidly and with its large contingent of Los Angeles members doubtless will become a strong factor in the society circles of both cities. Fol-

lowing is the directorate of The Breakers: T. M. Meldrum, president; Mrs. H. R. Gage, vice-president; Mrs. C. W. Damerel, corresponding secretary; Miss Hazel Webster, secretary; Mrs. W. H. Routzahn, treasurer; Mrs. Carrie Benson, Mrs. E. J. Vawter, Mrs. A. R. Fraser, Messrs. A. R. Fraser, E. J. Vawter, H. R. Gage and James Chalmers. Wednesday evening the club gave its second full dress ball. The Breakers is destined to prove a popular port of call for Los Angelenos, I predict.

How Biffer Does Business

Truly, the ways of the professional bad-debt collector are beyond the criticism of one, who, like myself, is not given to profanity. The other day I received a letter from a collecting agency signed, "per F. Biffer," requesting me to make good a judgment in behalf of "Theo. J. Irwin" for \$13.20 and so "save my credit with business people." There was much more "sassy" talk of a similar nature, which moved me to righteous wrath, inasmuch as I had never heard of "Theo. J. Irwin" and was not the judgment victim. I called up the perky Biffer and mildly protested against such a letter being sent out, in view of the fact that I never heard of his Theodore and knew of no judgment being entered against me. "O," chirped back the airy Biffer, "that letter was nothing; we let you down easy. You ought to read some of the letters we send out!" I thanked him for his courteous repression and then timidly inquired why I was honored and what the debt was for. He cheerfully gave up. Said it was for music lessons that Professor Irwin had given to a small son of a man of my name two years before. They had lost the debtor's address, so grabbed off mine from the directory and fired out the dunning letter "on spec." Nice system, isn't it? Prof. Irwin, when rung up, gave more evidence of concern. He regretted the letter and promised to see Brother Biffer and protest. But what's the use! Biffer can't help it. If he could, he wouldn't be in the biffing business.

River Caried Off His Forty

"These heavy rains," remarked Richard Garvey at the club, thoughtfully, "remind me of a winter, years ago, when 'Lucky' Baldwin and I sold a man a forty-acre patch of ground adjoining the San Gabriel river. It was his own selection, as he had the choice of hundreds of acres contiguous. He paid a third of the purchase price and gave his notes for the remainder. Hardly had we closed the deal—and spent the money, for we both were hard up for cash in those days—when the rains fell. The San Gabriel, as now, overflowed its banks and one morning that newly-deeded forty-acre piece was wrenched out by the flood and rolled onward, in solution, to the ocean. Around came the purchaser, begging for a return of the first payment. But neither I nor 'Lucky' had it to give—it had been spent long before. I was sorry and so assured him. 'But I'll tell you what I'll do,' said I, 'providing Baldwin is willing. I'll return your notes and let you off the bargain.' The purchaser ruefully looked at the foaming tide rushing over what a week before had been his forty and sighed his willingness to accept. Lucky Baldwin agreed, and we forgave him the contract. What the supervisors should do now is to dig a deep channel in the center of the wash to guard against similar mishaps in the future. The river will continue to play just such pranks on the ranchers these days as it did thirty years ago.

Loyal Legion Celebration

One of the interesting gatherings of the week in honor of Lincoln was the annual banquet of the military order of the Loyal Legion, Friday night, at Hotel Alexandria, to which all companions of the order, whether residents, visiting or sojourning in California, were invited to attend with their ladies. A reception preceded the banquet in the parlors of the hotel, at which General Chas. D. Viele, U. S. A., president of the commandery of California, assisted by other of the officials and their ladies, did the honors. A pleasing feature of the banquet was the arrangement of the tables for parties ranging from four to ten. Good speaking was quite as enjoyable a part of the program as the good eating provided by Herr Reichl.

Foraker Yarn Unlikely

From Phoenix comes word that Senator J. B. Foraker may remove from Ohio to the southwest in order to seek election for the toga from the expected new state of Arizona. I doubt if there is anything in the story, for several reasons. Foraker is too old to make such a change. He is close to seventy, and he could not accomplish his ambition, in my opinion, and in the opinion of those in better position to know. Mark Smith, the present delegate in congress, will be

one of the two senators to be elected from Arizona, in the event the state is Democratic, as I believe will be the case. The identity of the other senator not yet has been disclosed. He will hail from northern Arizona, and both selections will be dictated at the proper time by Col. Epes Randolph, who, by the way, is pretty certain also to officiate at the similar baptismal, in the event the new state should prove Republican. I am told that Col. Randolph does not expect Arizona to be admitted at the short session of congress.

Warning From the Capital

"Why is it," inquires my capital city correspondent, "that there is no one here representing the Los Angeles Bar association, or an organized body of similar merit, protesting against the possible appointment to the superior bench of your city, of certain aspirants for that honor, who may be named and whose reputation is such that after it is too late perhaps their records may be remembered to their discredit. It is only a few years ago that a certain police regime down your way was so vile that anything in the present recall muss against Mayor Harper is paradisaical compared with it. One of those presumed to have been responsible or that epoch in Los Angeles' municipal history may find one of the new judgeships and another of the three new places may go to a practical political worker, who has nothing else to recommend him. Meanwhile, it is believed here that Rhodes Hervey stands an excellent chance to be one of those to receive judicial honors and against him nothing derogatory in his past can rise up to cause him annoyance. But as much cannot be said for at least two others who are striving hard to gain similar preferment.

Harriman, the Mighty, Coming

Edward I., Emperor of North America, hereditary prince of the Californias, Duke of Los Angeles and of San Francisco, should be of and among us as this issue of The Graphic reaches its readers. The mightiest monarch of the western hemisphere is coming this way for health, having just bested another powerful house in the land of the rising sun, namely the clan Vanderbilt, for several generations princes of New York, and the earls of the Hudson river section. Like another notable ruler of the present day, who delights in the pleasures of the chase as relaxation from the arduous duties of boss-ship, Edward I. also is fond of the same sport, and while President Roosevelt will be hunting lions and other big game in Africa, Edward H. Harriman will shoot over the Suisun marshes for ducks. Seriously, however, Col. Epes Randolph of Tucson, Ariz., and of Los Angeles, who is the direct representative of Edward H. Harriman in the southwest, was here for three days last week, making preparations for the proper reception of his chief. Mr. Harriman is expected to remain in Southern California for several days. He is en route to San Francisco, where he will remain indefinitely. That is to say, he will enjoy himself hunting and fishing in northern California between spells of hard work. I asked Col. Randolph, while he was in Los Angeles, if he expected George J. Gould would accompany Mr. Harriman west, and he replied in the negative. A story to this effect had been wired here from San Francisco by way of New York.

Hays' Brief Regime Recalled

It is about seven years since E. H. Harriman was in Los Angeles, and that was his first visit also, unless I am mistaken. At that time Mr. Harriman had just recalled Charles F. Hays, as head of the Southern Pacific. Mr. Hays, it will be remembered, came to the coast from the Grand Trunk railroad, in Canada. He was high-strung and was opposed by all the old guard. He found his position unbearable and one day notified Mr. Harriman by wire that rather than do certain things he would quit the job, or words to that effect. Mr. Harriman just as briskly answered back that the Hays resignation would be accepted, and with it would go Mr. Hays salary of \$50,000 a year for the remainder of the life of his Southern Pacific employment contract, a matter of about three years. Mr. Hays promptly retired, taking with him to Canada \$150,000 in American gold. That ended the Hays regime which lasted only six months, Mr. Harriman naming himself as president but with W. F. Herrin in actual charge. The latter, by the way, has recently been promoted as assistant to the president with a salary of \$100,000 a year. It is a deserved advancement. That Mr. Herrin will, one day, succeed to the presidency is generally understood.

Harriman's Initial Advent Here

At the time of Mr. Harriman's former visit here I was editing the Express and being desir-

ous of getting a good interview with the railroad magnate, I sent Albert Searl on to Yuma to intercept the notable traveler. He was courteously received aboard the special train, after he had successfully evaded the entourage blocking the way to the Harriman car. Mr. Harriman proved a bit chilly at first, but presently became quite gracious and ended by giving a brilliant talk to Mr. Searl, who was warmly commended for his good work when he brought in his copy. Before Mr. Harriman's special reached Los Angeles he expressed a desire to meet a few representative citizens and to Senator Frank P. Flint, then the local counsel for the Southern Pacific, was delegated the task of arranging for all details of the luncheon which it was decided should be given. I believe that to Mr. J. C. Stubbs, now traffic director of the road, was assigned the task of revising the guest list and owing to a long-standing feud between himself and a millionaire newspaper owner, the latter's name was expunged. For this direct slight the owner of the Express has paid back the snub a hundredfold since in denunciation of the Southern Pacific.

Our Present Opportunity

I am wondering if on the occasion of his second visit here a luncheon or dinner will be arranged at which the big railroad chief will be the honored guest? Is so, will history repeat itself in regard to the list of eliminated guests? That Los Angeles should recognize Mr. Harriman's advent in a proper manner were exercising good judgment at least. He is not averse to attentions of this kind and who knows what might happen in regard to the delayed Arcade station and other big improvements proposed in connection with the Los Angeles Pacific railroad if a handsomely-appointed dinner were given for him? Say what one may about E. H. Harriman, he is a giant among men in railroad circles, having created for himself a position in the world of American affairs that stamps him as a genius of no little magnitude. Los Angeles should not miss her opportunity.

Promoter Welch Working Seattle

Los Angelans who were "touched" by Promoter Welch, what time he was here two years ago organizing a "press club," which had the unique distinction of having not a single newspaper man enrolled in its membership, will be interested in learning of his latest "easy money" scheme. Welch collected \$100 each from a score or more of kindly disposed business men here, for "life memberships," and then when I exposed his game—he was an arrant faker—he was sued for a recovery of the funds, but although Col. Garland, one of the victims, put up a good fight in court, the trial judge allowed Welch to escape doing time for obtaining money under false pretenses, but the "club" was closed and the furniture, bought on time, returned to the dealers. Now Welch is in Seattle "passing the hat" in an effort to gather in funds to establish a morning paper. A friend writes me that, strange as it may seem, Welch is meeting with fair success and together with an associate is having a "champagne and trimmings time." Naturally. His confidence game this time is to solicit stock subscriptions for a stated sum, twenty per cent of which is payable cash in advance. This advance payment apparently is considered "promotion funds," and the result is that Welch, et al., are enjoying a nice comfortable time at the expense of Seattle's "easy marks." Whether or not the new paper will ever get to the first number depends upon the extent of the sucker tribe in Seattle.

Importance of Assay Office

I wonder if the business community realizes the significance of the establishment of an assay office in Los Angeles, as proposed in the bill passed through the energy of United States Senator Frank P. Flint in the upper house of congress. The move assured is certain to make this the mining center of the southwest.

Memory's Crucible

That first fierce pain has vanished now,
I find there's no regret,
There's only peace within my heart,
And yet—I can't forget.

The bitter ever tinges sweet
And joy is born of pain,
And rest must come to aching hearts
As sunshine follows rain.

Just ships that passed at night we were,
And in life's soundless sea
Each presence lent the other cheer,
Till parting set us free.

You took your way and I took mine—
The memory lingers yet;
But life is dim without your face,
Dear Heart, I can't forget.

—CAROLINE REYNOLDS



XVII.—(Continued)

"Isn't it a marvellous country, Philip, that can give us such days and nights? The papers are full of the killing heat in New York with a death list of fifty or sixty in twenty-four hours while here no one suffers, no one is in the least incommoded."

"And, yet, the mercury mounts higher than that in the east. Today, for example, it was 92 degrees in New York while the thermometer stood at 102 degrees in the valley, but we hardly noticed it. Of course it's the humidity that is so unbearable on the Atlantic coast and in the middle west. I defy you to find another climate equal to ours the world over."

"Philip, you're a loyal native son, but you're dead right just the same. Come, I'm for bed. I have to work for a living and you don't."

XVIII. Philip's Great Happiness

"I've ordered Babe saddled and I'll ride with you to the car," remarked Philip, next morning at breakfast. Faustino will drive you over."

"Thank you kindly, sir. Which one can I catch?"

"If you don't linger too long over those cakes and honey we can get the 8:30 car. But you'll have to sacrifice your appetite or waste half an hour."

"I'll do the martyr act as usual. Dad's away and I have to make a good showing at the office."

They had a few minutes to spare before the car came in sight.

"I'm going to look for my letter," confessed Philip, as they parted. "I'm getting horribly nervous."

"Good luck to you, my boy," Herbert called, as he stepped aboard. "Never say die."

At the little store which Uncle Sam shared with the grocer Philip threw the bridle over the hitching post and stepped to his box. There was a letter inside which had been re-directed from Los Angeles. It bore a foreign stamp.

Philip felt his blood surge upward in a big, hot gush as he recognized Barbara's handwriting. He suddenly became faint and for a moment had to lean against the partition to steady himself. The happiness of his whole life lay concealed in that blue envelope. He trembled with anticipation.

"I can't read it here," he hurriedly reflected. "I'll ride over to the Mission hills."

Turning Babe southward, he made her single-foot at top speed, never resting until they had traversed the valley as far as the willows at the San Gabriel river crossing. Halting within a rod of the old adobe ruins, he threw the lines over the mare's head, dismounted and seating himself on a little hillock, drew forth Barbara's letter.

With nervous fingers he broke the seal and in a fever of expectancy caught the opening sentence. "My Dear Mr. Northrup." Swallowing hastily, he read on:

I am writing this in a little pension in Normandy where I brought the girls to see some wonderful church paintings that we were told about. I am all alone and shall devote myself to replying to your letter that has so profoundly stirred me. No woman could receive such an avowal without experiencing a sense of exaltation, of honor paid, of homage done her and all this I feel to an extent that is almost painful. And yet it has made me very, very happy. I, too, have lived without feeling the need of another's love, without missing anything from my life—until you came into it. From the moment I heard your voice in the railway station, when you brought Margery to my corner, I have been rehearsing it in my dreams, in my fancies, sleeping and waking. I felt its influence before I had seen its owner's face, and my heart leaped toward it of its own volition. I cannot tell you how wretchedly unhappy I was on the train when the shameful trick played by Mr. Vaughn temporarily persuaded me that you were not to be trusted. All the time my inner self protested and cried out that it was a mistake, that you were all my heart pictured and my mind painted; but the proof to the contrary appeared so explicit, I refused to believe otherwise. Then your unflinching courtesy, your thoughtfulness, your kindness to my girls—all of whom love you—and lastly the gift of your little book—which I found marked as only a true lover of Emerson could

mark such—convinced me of your worth and I am so thankful to have reached this conclusion before Hubert's letter to Marian came. I could not wait to reply by mail; at the risk of appearing unwomanly I employed the cable to tell you how I had wronged you in thought and to ask your forgiveness. In reply came your precious letter, offering a love that makes me proud, so happy, that I have hesitated to appropriate it as my own.

You ask me to be your wife. I kiss your dear letter, and say, "Willingly, gladly, do I give myself to you, Philip, my king." I know now that my heart has never wavered since I first looked into your dear, true eyes and without reserve I am ready to follow you to the end of the world. I trust you, I respect you, I love you! What more can one poor woman say, sir?

I, too, feel the limitations of the pen! And yet I did not mistake the purport of your letter. It breathed of you through and through—straightforward, manly, earnest. I have read it a hundred times; it has made me the happiest of women!

I haven't told my girls, but I think they know; Marian, I can see, suspects the truth, but I have thought best to say nothing until I can introduce you at home as my promised husband. Isn't that a delicious word?

We shall be moving about constantly until we sail from Naples, September 15, going direct to New York. If you get this in time, cable me care North German Lloyd Steamship office. I shall be so anxious to know that this has reached you in safety. We sail on the Luise and are due in New York, September 26, remaining at the Manhattan one day. Don't leave your place of duty to come on East. The campaign will be in progress by that time and I know you'll be needed. I will wire you from Chicago when we shall arrive in Los Angeles. Until we meet, I shall pray for our mutual happiness and, with my whole love, I am proud to sign myself,

Devotedly yours,

BARBARA.

Never in his life had Philip compassed so much joy as he experienced in reading this exquisite outpouring of a woman's heart. Overcome by his feelings, he buried his face in the brown grass and one great sob escaped him. Then he tenderly kissed the signature, repeated softly, "Devotedly yours, Barbara," and gave vent to a shout of triumph that sent the startled Babe backing into the willows with well-bred alarm. Surely her master had gone crazy!

But she suffered herself to be caught and stepped off in full sympathy with her rider whose heart was dancing to a tune it had never known before—that of love requited.

"Mine! Mine!! Mine!!!" he shouted to the linnets, the meadowlarks, the doves, that rose on sudden wing as, forsaking the road, he cantered across a great stretch of barley stubble, that he might freely give vent to his feelings.

"O, Barbara, Barbara," he cried. "God help to make me worthy of your love and may He crown your life with supreme happiness."

Of all the perfect days he had known—and he had known them all his life—surely this was the most exquisite! The turquoise sky was unflecked by a single white cloud; the Sierra Madres he loved so well seemed to relax their rugged lines and smile benignantly upon him; the warm, fragrant breeze caressed his cheeks and nestled in the curling locks at his temples. His head was bared, his soft hat tucked in the split of the saddle. In long, deep breaths he drank in the intoxicating air and thanked God for being alive.

At his feet scores of saucy gophers bounded and gambled over the closely-cut field. A flock of blackbirds swooped past, twittering with joyous freedom. Perched on a dried yucca, whose single stem shot upward ten feet or more, was a brave little meadowlark whistling a song of praise that said to Philip as plainly as bird language could tell it, "Glad to be alive! Glad to be alive." To which the ecstatic horseman responded with a low bow in the saddle, "So am I! So am I!" What a joke life was under that superb Southern California sun!

Presently dreaming, he allowed Babe to fall into a walk, the lines slipped through his fingers and the mare cropped at the green weeds that luxuriated in the bottom lands, fed by an underground stream. Politics were obliterated, the congressional nomination faded entirely from memory, campaign speeches were wholly put aside. The lover surmounted all! Cupid reigned supreme.

When this delirium of forgetfulness had partially subsided, Philip found himself in the Puente hills, five or six miles from home. It was almost noon and he had been in the saddle nearly four hours. He laughed like a schoolboy detected in a sly trick and gathering up the reins broke Babe into his favorite gait. In twenty minutes the outlines of the "Peppers" were discerned on the

ridge of the hill to the northwest and in another ten he had turned the mare over to Faustino. Home! Her home! Their home!

It was the eighth of September, a date never to be effaced from his memory. In four days when he went to town, he would send a cable to Naples; that should reach its destination at least three days before the Luise was scheduled to sail. He would mail a letter to New York by the eighteenth, which would allow a week or more for transit before Barbara and her little party disembarked. How he longed to welcome her at the pier!

Prior to changing his riding clothes he called up Hubert on the long distance. In a few minutes his bell rang. He jumped to the phone.

"That you, Hubert?"

"O! Is it Philip? What's up?"

"It's all right, old man! I am IT! Congratulate me!"

"What's all right? What in thunder do you mean?"

Philip groaned. "Of all the obtuse individuals that ever held a man's confidence you are the worst! MY letter! THE letter! HER letter! came today. Don't you savvy?"

"O-o-oh!" with arising inflection. "Now I tumble! Bully for you, old chap! I'm tickled to death! Is it to be given out?"

"Not on your life! Keep it dark until she gets back, then it will be formally announced."

"It'll be worth five thousand votes, at least, old chap. S-a-a-y, but you're a lucky fellow! When are you coming in?"

"Not till next week. Got to post up on speeches and campaign matter generally. Not a word, now, if you value my friendship!"

"I'm an oyster! I'd give fifty dollars to spring the news to the boys at luncheon at the University club today, though."

"Don't you dare! Goodbye, be careful!"

"Don't worry!" and hearing that admonition Philip hung up the receiver.

For the next two days he applied himself assiduously to a review of the various issues of the campaign and the policies of his party. Having been a close student of politics in the best sense, the task was not an onerous one and it was a comparatively easy matter to frame half a dozen speeches on the various questions affecting the nation's welfare.

Satisfied that he had the best of any argument his opponent might spring on the constituency he had to face, Philip decided to visit his silver mine up the canyon and call on old man Faxon, before going to the city. The ensuing six weeks would be too full of work to admit of any such relaxation.

He found his superintendent jubilant over the prospect of a rich clean-up from the big chamber that had cost a human life to uncover.

"Prettiest rock you ever seen," declared Anderson, pointing to the sacks of ore that were piled in front of the cabin, brought down on burros from above.

"Ought to be \$20,000, easily, in that pocket; stuff runs in streaks in the Booner Vister, but it don't cost much to get it out."

They arranged for a shipment of ore to San Francisco and Philip promised to see the Santa Fe people about cars, when he went to the city. Clayte was to attend to the hauling of the rock to the tracks at Azusa.

Philip found the old man lying on the sand-spit in front of his cabin at Sharpe's Flat.

"I don't feel overly strong today, Mr. Northrup," Faxon said, hold out a thin, bony hand. "But the Master tells me not to worry; he'll take care of me."

"How's the work getting along?"

"Slowly, slowly. I have a few feet to drive yet, but I don't seem to do as much as I used to, and I've such a pain here."

He indicated the region of his heart. It bothered him, he said, when he hit the gad.

"Every time I strike a blow there's a jumping pain that makes me feel faint. I guess it'll be all right in a day or two. The Master told me not to work till I was better."

"Don't you think you ought to go to Azusa for a rest? Let me find you a good place to stay till you feel stronger."

"Thank you, Mr. Northrup, but the Master says I'm not to leave here till my work is done. I'm obliged to you, but I can't run away from my duty. I must finish what the Master has set me to do."

Finding that he was obdurate, Philip questioned him as to his supplies and learned that Angie's weekly basket had been so liberally filled that he was in no danger of suffering from hunger.

"You've been very kind to the old man," he murmured, as Philip pressed silver in his hand

at parting. "The Master will send you lots of happiness for all you've done for one of his children."

"He has not forgotten me," replied Philip, reverently; "He has given me the greatest happiness in the world."

"Them as serve me, I will not forget," quoted the little miner dreamily. "Goodbye, Mr. Northrup."

Philip mounted Babe and moved slowly down the canyon. At the first ford he let the mare drink and as he bent forward in the saddle to watch her dip her black nose in the stream a teardrop fell off into the current. It was no discredit to him.

Two miles below he met the stage driver, an old acquaintance, making his daily trip up the canyon.

He beckoned to him to stop and jump down from his seat. Riding out of earshot of the passengers he said:

"Bob, Old Man Faxon is pretty low; I doubt if he can last much longer. I want you to keep an eye on him and see that he wants for nothing. If he dies notify me and, meanwhile, arrange for the funeral. I'll take care of the bills."

"All right, senator; I'll see to it. Looks to me he's mighty close to the end."

Handing Bob a gold coin in case of an emergency, Philip turned the mare's head and was soon out of sight of the stage. His heart ached for the lonely little miner of Sharpe's Flat, under contract to the Master.

XIX. Opening of the Campaign

Jose Garcia scoffed at the idea of the Perez crowd capturing valley votes for Rathburn away from his employer.

"We feex him," he told Philip, just before the latter started for the city; "the Lopez peep'l for you, plenty."

To have the Lopez connection as a unit was to command the Mexican vote of the valley. From the Castilian scions downward, they ruled the roost. Then, too, many a black-eyed baby owed its first dress to Philip's liberality, many a black-shawled, black-haired mother had had occasion to bless the master of the Peppers for his kindness when the frioles gave out the year of the terrible drought.

His giving was not ostentatious, but it was sincere, and the swarthy sons and daughters of Old Spain, the half-breeds and the Indians all had a good word for Senor Northrup. Jose was right, no matter what the Perez crowd could do out in the reaches toward the ocean, in the San Gabriel valley it was impotent.

This assurance Philip carried in to Calvin Jones who had opened headquarters on the second floor of a hotel on Spring street. But before calling there he sought the Western Union office at the corner of First and Spring and sent the following cable:

"Miss Barbara Morton, care North German Lloyd S. S. Co., Naples, Italy. Letter gives great happiness. Impatiently await return. Safe voyage home. Philip."

At headquarters he found Calvin checking over a list of towns against which he had placed dates for the nominee to fill.

"Just the man I want," he ejaculated, as Philip entered. "See if there's any good reason why you can't speak at the times I have specified. This is important as I want to rush the printed matter out and engage the halls before the opposition gets in its work. It's the early bird, you know—"

[To be Continued]

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Children's Pictures in Characteristic Attitudes Carbons, Platinotypes, Etchings

AWARDED EIGHTEEN MEDALS
Unquestionable Artistic Endorsements

Heckel

Studio and Art Gallery, 336 1-2 South Broadway
SPECIAL EXHIBITION OF OILS NOW ON VIEW

ON THE REVIEWER'S TABLE

In a wooded cemetery in central Illinois rises the shaft of the monument of Abraham Lincoln, rail-splitter and President, harsh of feature and tender of heart, whose daily speech was homely, even approaching coarseness at times, yet whose address at Gettysburg is the greatest of American classics. Clara E. Laughlin, in her timely book, "The Death of Lincoln," has written the first detailed and authentic account of his assassination, with its preceding and consequent events. The most characteristic feature of Miss Laughlin's narration is that it seems to be written entirely without prejudice, striving, as far as possible, to award neither praise nor blame.

It gives a full account of John Wilkes Booth, his personality, his political views, and his brilliant, if warped, mind. The first plan of the man against the President was not assassination, but abduction. He persuaded several other Southern sympathizers to join him in an attempt to kidnap President Lincoln and turn him over to the Confederate authorities. When this plan fell through, he tried to persuade these same men to help him to assassinate all the members of the cabinet as well as the President. All the conspirators, except one, seem to have refused to have anything to do with this plot, either from fear or horror, but Lewis Payne promised to kill Secretary Seward and almost accomplished it. Booth, madman, fanatic, murderer, what you will, accomplished his part of the crime in circumstances which every schoolboy knows, and thrust into eternity that gentle, weary soul, torn and tired by a nation's travail.

Whatever Booth's motive, whether from a mistaken idea of political duty, or insanity, caused by brooding over the defeat of the Southern cause, or cold-blooded murder, he paid the penalty with his life, that brilliant young life that had seemed destined for higher things than death as a traitor and murderer. The details of his flight, capture, and death are evidently authentic and are coolly told, without misleading comments. His deed dragged down others with him, the innocent, as well as the guilty—God only knows which is which. Of the four "conspirators" hanged for the crime, two, at least, are now presumed to have had nothing to do with it, Mrs. Surratt and Atzerodt, though the latter knew of the intent of Booth and Payne and gave no warning. Mrs. Surratt's execution seems to have been entirely uncalled for and unjustifiable, for the weight of evidence was quite as strong on the side of innocence, and the charges against her were made by Weichmann, who probably turned state's evidence to avoid hanging.

Of the four who were sentenced to the Dry Tortugas for their part in the affair, one died in prison and three were pardoned in 1869. The evidence which Miss Laughlin cites points strongly to the opinion that none of these men was guilty. But the country was in a ferment, excitement was rife, it was difficult to ascertain the truth in the violent and agitated state of public opinion, and immediate vengeance was necessary. It is not strange that all sorts of wild rumors were afloat to the effect that Booth was in the pay of the Confederacy, that Jefferson Davis was the instigator, that the Catholics were at the bottom of the matter. There were witnesses who would swear to anything for reward or for notoriety. Pressure from all sides was brought to bear on the judges. The frenzied country demanded vengeance, "forgetting," as Miss Laughlin says, "how he hated vengeance for whose sake they demanded it," for "the only heart which could have inspired a great forgiveness lay still in Oak Ridge cemetery, at Springfield, Ill."

Miss Laughlin, with the advantage of a better perspective and the further aid of an unbiased mind, can point out right and wrong in the matter much more clearly than could the people who lived through that time of heat and turmoil. It is well for one to read so sane an article and to get a true light on the greatest tragedy this country has ever known.

The story of the plot, the deed and the penalty occupy about two-thirds of the book and the remaining third is in the form of appendices, comprised of sworn statements and letters by those whose word would have any authoritative bearing on the matter, and short chapters of information on various details. For instance, Miss Laughlin mentions and explains the feeling against Lincoln, the unreliability of the testimony in regard to Confederate complicity, the horror of the South at Booth's mad deed, Lincoln's own forebodings of a tragic death, a discussion of the play in which Laura Keane was appearing at the time of the tragedy, the possibility of abducting the President, the Holt-Johnson controversy, etc. Among the letters and statements appear a lecture by John H. Surratt on his part in the affair, statements by Dr. Mudd, Atzerodt, Spangler, Major Rathbone, and others. These are authentic and in every way reliable, drawn from entirely creditable sources, and throwing the outlines of the story in strong and definite profile. The book also contains twenty-four illustrations, taken from photographs, of the people, places and events described.

Just at this season, when the eyes of the whole nation are turned back an hundred years to that little cabin where Abraham Lincoln came into existence, it is only fitting that students should desire a truthful account of those events which led up to his martyrdom. This Miss Laughlin has given. ("The Death of Lincoln." By Clara E. Laughlin. Doubleday, Page & Co.)

COLUMBIA'S GUARD

By Wallace Bruce

(In Edinburgh, Scotland, stands the only monument to Lincoln's memory in Europe. It was unveiled by Wallace Bruce in August, 1892, when he was representing this country as consul in the capital city of the home of his ancestors. The poem appended was written and recited by Mr. Bruce on the occasion of the dedication of the statue. It will be read with renewed interest at this time, when the country is aflame with devotion to the spirit of the immortal Emancipator.—Editor of The Graphic.)

Another clasp of loving hands,

Another link across the sea,
A living word from distant lands
To grace the soldiers of the free;
Columbia at her Mother's knee,
Unfolds the scroll of Liberty.

A parchment born of bitter years,
Red-lined with blood of martyrs' zeal,
Dark stained and blurred by captives' tears,
By dungeon-mould and rusted steel—
A charter sealed beneath the star
That led the nations from afar;

To find a green-girt island home,
With moat outlasting gates of steel,
Whose bulwark was the ocean foam,
Whose drawbridge was the floating keel,
Whereon to bear all round the world
The flag of Destiny unfurled.

Your Magna Charta rode secure
Within the Mayflower's narrow hold,
That invoice made the shipment sure—
A Britain poured in larger mould;
Your Gaelic-Saxon-Norman blood—
The yeast of Time's great brotherhood.

What complex forces strangely wrought,
What lasting victories nobly won,
Since Sidney died and Hampden fought,
Or Milton dreamed of Washington!
Virginia voiced your state's creed—
A seion true of Runnymede.

With tendrils reaching west to rear
The highest type of manhood's power,
Born of the soil, without a peer,
Our Lincoln stands the noblest flower
Of freedom in its widening course
From Chatham, Fox and Wilberforce:

To whom an anxious nation turned
When gathering clouds the sky o'ercast,
A pilot brave with soul that yearned
To guide the ship before the blast:
To hold the faith our fathers knew,
To keep the stars within the blue.

A genius stamped with sterling worth,
Despising juggling and pretence,
His story hails humble birth,
A parable of modest sense;
Endowed to see and do the right—
The majesty of moral might.

Inspired to set in simple speech
The words that sway a people's heart,
Prophetic sentences that reach
Beyond the realm and scope of art;
The hum of a nation's youth,
The wit of plain and homely truth.

'Twas this upheld the faltering arm,
When hearts were faint and bowed in prayer;
His honest face had power to charm
And ease the burden of our care;
With will serene that masters fate
He taught the land to trust and wait.

With bended knee and listening ear
He watched the hour to speak and save;
Hark! Bells peal out an anthem clear—
He strikes the shackle from the slave;
That deed completes the work begun
By Jefferson and Hamilton.

Embodied here to stand for aye
In memory of soldiers brave,
Who stood in many a bloody fray
In serried ranks our land to save;

54

The Great American Novel

40

Or Fight

BY EMERSON HOUGH

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To Scotia's sons we proudly turn—
Descendants true of Bannockburn.

"We cannot consecrate this ground."
No deed of ours the debt can pay;
The ray across each martyr's mound
Gets stronger purchase day by day—
Each soldier's grave a fulcrum sod—
The lever in the hand of God;

To lift the world to larger life,
To loftier dreams and nobler deeds,
To broaden faith and narrow strife,
To plant the rose and crush the weeds,
Thou jealousies forget their date—
The ceremonies of a worn-out hate.

Through prismed tears let sunlight play,
Secure in joy, redeemed in grief;
One song unites the Blue and Gray,
One glory binds the garnered sheaf—
War's cruel reaping kindly sealed
By brothers of the martyred field.

And so Columbia comes with cheer,
With outstretched hand from o'er the sea,
To place a garland on the bier
Of those who died to keep us free:
And here, beside her Mother's knee,
Unfolds the scroll of Liberty.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

It is fitting at this time to recall to those of the rising generation what their reading of Lincoln's life may have given only obscure information concerning, and that is in regard to the torrent of abuse, of vilification and vituperation to which he was constantly subjected in the trying days of his first administration. His biographers call attention to the fact that both American and English journalists did not hesitate to describe him as a "gorilla" and as the "Illinois ape." One of the worst offenders in this respect was London Punch, whose numerous cartoons and ribald verses gave the English a most erroneous impression of Abraham Lincoln. But immediately following his assassination appeared in the pages of Punch the following expression of deep contrition, in the form of a poem by Tom Taylor, one of the staff writers. It reads:

You lay a wreath on murdered Lincoln's bier,
You, who with mocking pencil went to trace,
Broad for the self-complacent British sneer,
His length of shambling limb, his furrowed face,

His gaunt, gnarled hands, his unkempt, bristling hair,
His garb uncouth, his bearing ill at ease,
His lack of all we prize as debonaire,
Of power or will to shine, of art to please;

You, whose smart pen backed up the pencil's laugh,
Judging each step as though the way were plain,
Reckless, so it could point its paragraph
Of chief's perplexity, or people's pain;

Beside this corpse, that bears for winding sheet
The Stars and Stripes he lived to rear anew,
Between the mourners at his head and feet,
Say, scurvy jester, is there room for you!

Yes; he had lived to shame me from my sneer,
To lame my pencil and confute my pen;
To make me own this kind of princes peer,
This rail-splitter a true-born king of men.

My shallow judgment I had learned to rue,
Noting how to occasion's height he rose;
How his quaint wit made home-truth seem more true;
How, iron-like, his temper grew by blows.

How humble, yet how hopeful, he could be;
How, in good fortune and in ill, the same;
Nor bitter in success, nor boastful he,
Thirsty for gold, nor feverish for fame.

He went about his work,—such work as few
Ever had laid on head and heart and hand,—
As one who knows, where there's a task to do,
Man's honest will must Heaven's good grace command;

Who trusts the strength will with the burden grow,
That God makes instruments to work his will,
If but that will we can arrive to know,
Nor tamper with the weights of good and ill.

So he went forth to battle, on the side
That he felt clear was Liberty's and Right's,
As in his peasant boyhood he had plied
His warfare with rude Nature's thwarting might;

The uncleared forest, the unbroken soil,
The iron-bark, that turns the lumberer's ax,

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The rapid, that o'erhears the boatman's toil,
The prairie, hiding the mazed wanderer's
tracks,

The ambushed Indian, and the prowling bear,—
Were the deeds that helped his youth to
train:
Rough culture, but such trees large fruit may
bear,
If but their stocks be of right girth and
grain.

So he grew up, a destined work to do,
And lived to do it: four long-suffering years!
Ill-fate, ill-feeling, ill-report, lived through,
And then he heard the hisses change to
cheers,

The taunts to tributes, the abuse to praise,
And took both with the same unwavering
mood;
Till, as he came on light, from darkling days,
And seemed to touch the goal from where he
stood,

A felon hand, between the goal and him,
Reached from behind his back, a trigger prest,
And those perplexed and patient eyes were dim,
Those gaunt, long-labored limbs were laid to
rest!

The words of mercy were upon his lips,
Forgiveness in his heart and on his pen,
When this vile murderer brought swift eclipse
To thoughts of peace on earth, good-will to
men.

The Old World and the New, from sea to sea,
Utter one voice of sympathy and shame:
Sore heart so stopped when it at last beat high:
Sad life, cut short just as its triumph came!

A deed accrues! Strokes have been struck be-
fore
By the assassin's hand, whereof men doubt
If more of horror or disgrace they bore;
But thy foul crime, like Cain's, stands darkly
out.

Vile hand, that brandest murder on a strife,
Whate'er its grounds, stoutly and nobly
striven;
And with the martyr's crown crownest a life
With much to praise, little to be forgiven.
—TOM TAYLOR



By Blanche Rogers Lott

Musical papers and the columns devoted to music by the daily press the world over have been full of Mendelssohn for weeks. His works have been given everywhere (except in Berlin, where the modern has too deep a hold). Mr. Patterson wisely said in the program notes of last week's Symphony orchestra concert:

In these days of suicide symphonies, of tragic and somber symphonic poems for which any subject seems good enough, provided only that it is not cheerful, of Salomes, where the composer seems to gloat over the dripping blood of a freshly decapitated head, and gives vent to his feelings in penetrating discords; in these degenerate and decadent days of sickening and sickly "soul-music," of the formless and futile "culture of ugliness," an attempt has been made to belittle Mendelssohn, to show that he never "reached the heights," that he knew no passion and was incapable of any great depth of aesthetic feeling, that his harmony was thin, his melody childish. So be it! But by what law of art or of life must we forever dwell on the heights or in the depths? Why must we have our nerves racked, our souls depressed by every gloomy fancy of poet or musician? Must we worship only at the shrine of Poe, Baudelaire, Verlaine, Maeterlinck, Debussy and Strauss, or be forever condemned as inartistic, stupid or puerile? Surely, there is still room for a Mendelssohn on our programs; and is there not, in truth, more room in our hearts for the pure fancy of a Mendelssohn than for all the rest of these morbid imaginings put together?

Friday, a week ago, Mendelssohn's second symphony, "Hymn of Praise," was given a sincere and beautiful rendition. There was purity of tone in all parts most delightful. Mr. Hamilton did not have the "white kid glove" attitude toward the music that an illustrious leader of Germany once had, consequently much was brought out through his serious understanding and reverent attitude to the music. The entire work of the orchestra was of high order, and the suite by Grieg, "Sigurd Jorsalfar," was a well chosen number, splendidly given. The soloist, Mme. Langendorff, made a much better impression with orchestral accompaniment. The aria from "Le Prophete" is suited perfectly to her voice, whose wonderful beauties were more apparent than in her first recital, but the vocal condition of this singer is to be deeply deplored. That Mme. Langendorff was obliged to sing her encores without orchestral accompaniment was due to the non-arrival of the scores from the east. The next concert gives a prominent place to MacDowell and Mr. Haroldi plays the Saint-Saens' concerto. The date is March 5.

Last Monday evening a copious rainfall prevented the usual attendance at the Nowland-Hunter Trio concert. The faithful who braved the inconvenience of becoming damp were well repaid. The Chaminade Trio was reviewed in these columns after its first performance and much is gained by repetition. The trio by Arthur Foote had not had sufficient study, the tempos were not stable and the impression created was that the atmosphere of the composition was a restless one. However, everyone knows that the lack of rehearsal is not the fault of the performers and as the giving of chamber concerts is a luxury, costing money, frequently, to the givers, sufficient time for rehearsals is not always available. The musicians of this organization deserve the thanks and support of the profession and music lovers for carrying out so successfully a series of such excellent programs. The final concert will be March 8.

The next concert of the Woman's Lyric club will be March 9.

Roland Paul achieved fine success in his recent operatic engagement with the Boston opera singers. Mr. and Mrs. Paul are at present in New York city and soon Mr. Paul will tour New York and Pennsylvania in concert.

Caruso will tour the English provincial towns soon for \$10,000 a week.

Musical America says of "Elektra:" "It is reported, but not yet confirmed, that Oscar Hammerstein has paid, for the American rights to the opera, \$5,000 cash, and has guaranteed royalties of \$18,080 for thirty perform-

ances, and beyond this has paid \$6,000 for the rights for reproducing the music. Strauss' local publisher has already paid \$27,500 for the music."

First performance of Paderewski's new symphony, which was written as a tribute to his native land, was given by the Boston Symphony orchestra Friday of this week, Max Fiedler conducting. New York is to hear it Feb. 18, by the same orchestra. It is certainly good news that the eastern papers report Paderewski's piano playing this season as up to the high standard he attained on his first visit to this country.

Albany Ritchie, a violinist well known here a few years ago, is being recognized in New York, receiving excellent notices, and last week played at a private musicale in Brooklyn with Geraldine Farrar.

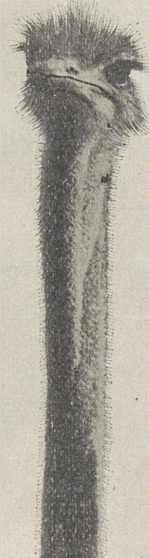
Los Angeles is to be favored later with Ben Greet players and the Russian Symphony orchestra, combining in performances of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" that are fascinating big audiences all over the east. The music of Mendelssohn is well known, in part at least, but rarely is there an opportunity to hear it under such auspices.

Concerts given in Boston for the public schools are called municipal concerts. In the series no less a man than Louis C. Elson gave a lecture recently on the orchestra, two soloists, a bass and violinist, assisting him.

Mr. Sessions gives an interesting group of old French compositions of the seventeenth century at his next organ recital, Wednesday afternoon, at Christ church. The program entire is: (a) Ciacono, Tachelbel; (b) Musette, Dandrieu; (c) Prelude, Clerambault; (d) Toccata, C major, Bach; Suite by Rodolphe Lavotta (an organist of the Bohemian school living in Paris). In Paradisium and Fait Lux, by Lubois. F. Wallace Seager will be the soloist, singing "The Publican," by Van der Water.

Miss Colman's Classic Dancing

The entertainment furnished by Miss Alice Colman of San Francisco at the Gamut club playhouse last week, under the auspices of the Gamut club, was an ambitious affair that betrayed the novice in the art of program making. The young woman has a pleasing personality, a good vocal organ, and a great deal of enthusiasm in her work. Her introductory numbers, Neapolitan and Spanish characters, were well received and in the songs that followed, her selection from "Carmen" was the most applauded. The Greek Spring song in classical costume showed lack of experience and yet held the attention of the audience throughout. Miss Colman was unwise in not engaging assistance in her program which would have brought her own work into more relief, but she evidently has the true spirit and much dramatic temperament which will probably lead her to success.



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By René T. de Quelin

What is a fine example of an old master is "Orpheus," on view at the California club, a canvas by Leandro de Ponte Brasso, an Italian painter of 1558-1633. His father, Jacopo, was his master, he in turn being a pupil of Titian and Bellini. The works of "Leandro" are scarce and rare, so that Los Angeles may consider herself highly honored and favored by having this wonderful old master loaned by its owners, a wealthy Chicago family, which has had it in its possession for the last fifty years. It is expected that it will remain on view for a few weeks.

It shows the Thracian poet "Orpheus" playing on an instrument, surrounded by birds and animals of all descriptions, enchanting them with the charm of his music. Outside of the superb drawing and coloring given to each individual life in the picture, which is portrayed with exquisite ease, thought and study, there is a peculiar, subtle charm expressed in each individual face of bird or animal that shaws it to be under the absolute spell of Orpheus' magnetic music, for, as mythology tells, he had the power of enchanting everything that had life, even to trees and rocks, so that they would follow him. The figure of Orpheus is well balanced and understood, it is full of power and strength, yet withal imbued with a certain beauty and sweetness of expression that is captivating. The composition of the whole is that which only a master could conceive and carry out, as its many figures make it most difficult and complicated, yet the effect is grand and beautiful, for in it we do not find a false note; it exudes restfulness, peace and perfect naturalness, which only the conception and master hand of a great man could carry out to such an issue. It is a glorious piece of deep, rich coloring, as only painters of that period could portray with their method of scumbling and glazing one coat over another, producing that peculiar deep, rich, transparent quality impossible by any other method. In fact, it is not only a masterpiece of extreme rareness—for it is impossible today to find a canvas by this artist, as each one that he thought of sufficient merit to sign, as this picture is, is located in some one of the important museums of Europe—but it is also a wonderful lesson of human kindness, love and influence that no doubt the Greeks wished to inculcate in this their own way.

To those interested particularly in the expression of the old masters, it would be well to state that its peculiar technique and coloring resemble that of Bellini. This artist, whose fame was created by his portrait painting, was knighted with the Order of St. Mark by the Doge of Venice, Grimani, an honor of extreme rarity to be conferred upon an artist. He lived in great state in Venice the latter part of his life.

One of the most interesting exhibitions that have ever been presented in Los Angeles will be that of the women painters of this city. Its projected advent already is causing much comment, as this movement has been agitated for the last two years, but heretofore the number of women painters has not been thought large enough to warrant such an exhibition. The event will be ushered in by a reception Monday evening, Feb. 15, at the Blanchard Art galleries, where the exhibition will be held. Women receiving are Mesdames Chas. F. Lummis, D. M. Rordan, Geo. J. Birkel, Wm. H. Cole, Harry Clifford Lott, Cornelius Cole, Randolph H. Miner, John Bigelow, and Misses Olive Percival and Cora Foy. Mrs. Leta Horlocker is chairman of the refreshment committee, and Mrs. Spada is in charge of the music, and will be assisted by the Misses Rose, Noel, Dickman, Wilcox, Rutherford, Hunt, Osborne and Elsie Walker.

Invitations to exhibit have been extended to Lillian Drain, Teresa Cloud, Nanette Calder, Elizabeth Borglum,

Leta Horlocker, Florine Heyer, Mary Gay, Annie Zucker, Mary Harland, Lydia Price, Fannie White, Mrs. Jean Mannheim, Carlotta Blaincock, Emily White, Fanny L. Ryan, Miss Hamilton, Miss Daggett, Helen Chandler, Nellie Huntington Gere, Blanche Dugan Cole, Mrs. Helma Heynsen Jahn, Julia Leonard, Freida Ludovici, Helen Coan, Regina O'Kane, Marian M. Williams, Nell Daneley Brooker, Marian Kavanaugh Wachtel, Alice Ludovici, Marian Holden Pope, Mary Barlow, M. Elmor Evans, Esther Gohne, Maud Baggett and Miss Hamilton. It is a generous list and the resultant should prove a large and important exhibit if all respond, but how many will or can is not known at this time of writing. The jury will be Nell Huntington Gere, Mary Gay and Marian M. Williams. Hanging committee: Nanette Calder, Teresa Cloud and Lillian Drain. This great movement for the benefit of women artists is due to the efforts of and made possible by the energy, kindness, and generosity of Mr. F. W. Blanchard and his staff of workers, he having donated the gallery and brought the women artists together, no pains being spared by anyone connected or interested in it to make it a perfect success. More than one thousand invitations have been sent out for the reception. It is expected that the capacity of the galleries will be put to a severe strain.

At the Kanst Art galleries there is an exhibition of Indian paintings by Kate T. Cory, who has lived three and a half years among the Hopi tribe in Arizona. This artist was a student at the Art league in New York and when proficient came west for material that was in sympathy with her ideals. She is in personal attendance at the exhibition where she also has an interesting collection of material gathered among the Indians and delights in explaining their life, customs, ceremonies and manners, which according to Miss Cory's experience seem to be very peaceful and courteous, with a strong love of nature and simplicity. Her main canvas is that of the "Feather Ceremony to the Sun," which is made annually on or about Dec. 21, the object being to stop the receding of the sun and invite its return. This tribe, it appears, firmly believes that it is through this ceremony that the sun reappears and makes the days longer. Sacred meal is thrown toward the rising sun. This is all fully illustrated in Miss Cory's picture. There are forty-seven canvases shown, which portray the Indians in their many occupations and ceremonies. Among the best are "The Bride," and "Weaving the Wedding Robe. The Last Stitch." Showing the groom's father, who, it appears, prepares the bride's trousseau. Several others are of more than passing interest, but must be seen and explained by the artist to be thoroughly appreciated.

At the Steckel galleries an exhibition by James E. McBurney, teacher of drawing at the Los Angeles high school, will be opened Monday, Feb. 15, to continue until Feb. 27, after which an exhibition will be given in the same gallery of work by Jules Le Pages, who is sending his canvases directly from Paris to be exhibited by Mr. Steckel. An interesting exhibit is confidently expected.

Franz Bischoff, of South Pasadena, is holding an exhibition at his studio home which will continue for about two months. His ceramic work in landscape and natural flowers is of exceptional beauty, executed with a spirit of boldness and freedom that is most rare, showing this artist to be unusually adapted for this line of work. As a further proof of this and his absorbed interest in this class of work, it is well to note that he makes his own colors and does his own firing, showing him to be really and truly a bona-fide artist and craftsman. He has of late devoted much time to landscape painting in water colors, tempera and in oil, chiefly the latter, in which he is making rapid strides for a high standard of work.

Word has just been received from the east that John La Farge was presented with a medal by the Architectural league of New York city, of which his son, C. Grant La Forge, is president. La Farge says: "This recognition from the architects comes very late in life. Perhaps I have only three or four years more left to me in



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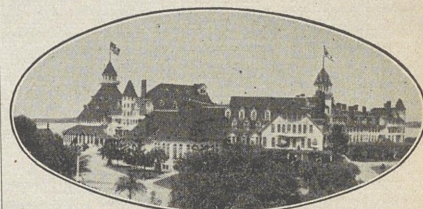
RESIDENCE, 1401 ALBANY

VISITORS WEDNESDAYS

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which to live and work. A friend once came to me and told me I would never get a dollar's worth of work from a great firm of architects in this city. That firm was the great firm of McKim, Mead and White, and for twenty years this firm never gave me any work, and I don't know why." A regrettable fact, considering that La Farge undoubtedly is the greatest colorist, the grandest mural painter, the one who invented the opalescent glass in America, and who has pushed art to the front with his able lectures and writings more than any other man on this continent.

At a recent meeting of the Painters' club, F. C. Coburn was elected an active member. C. A. Rogers and Martin J. Jackson were appointed a committee to find a suitable gallery for the spring exhibition, which will be held in May. The Ruskin Art club sent each member of the Painters' club a complimentary membership card which was duly appreciated.



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By Ruth Burke

EVENTS FOR NEXT WEEK

MONDAY—Mrs. J. C. Drake 2715 South Hoover street, Valentine dance for Miss Macneil. Wedding, Miss Elsa Behr and Mr. Rufus Spalding, at home of bride's parents, 112 and Mrs. Anna Behr, 432 Arlington Drive, Pasadena; evening.

TUESDAY—Banquet at Levy's for Leo Youngworth; evening. Bal Poudre given by the Good Shepherd auxiliary, Kramer's; evening.

WEDNESDAY—Mrs. Henry T. Lee, Mrs. Roy Koster, Miss Lee and Mrs. Thomas Lee, informal tea at home of Mrs. Lee, 414 West Adams street.

THURSDAY—Mrs. Virginia C. Keely, luncheon at Alexandria. Mrs. S. R. Wolcott and Mrs. S. W. Strong, reception at home of Mrs. Wolcott, 825 South Burlington avenue. Mrs. Emmeline Childs, luncheon for Miss Macneil.

FRIDAY—Mrs. West Hughes, 500 West Twenty-third street, luncheon for Mrs. J. G. Jarvis of Louisville, Ky. The Misses Vance and De Laguna, dance for students of Westlake School for Girls; Kramer's; evening.

Numbered among the most brilliant of this season's large society functions was the musical given Wednesday afternoon by Mrs. I. N. Van Nuys and her daughter, Miss Kate Van Nuys, at their home, 1445 West Sixth street. Receiving with the hostesses were Miss Gertrude Hewitt of Des Moines, who is visiting at the Van Nuys' home for several weeks as a guest of Miss Kate Van Nuys and Mrs. Earl C. Anthony and Mrs. Walter Clark, two recent brides. About forty unbonneted women assisted in the supper room. The house was artistically decorated for the afternoon. The supper room on the third floor, where tea was served following the musical, was arranged with yellow spring blossoms and violets. Downstairs ferns and potted plants were utilized. Mr. and Mrs. Harry Clifford Lott were in charge of the musical program and were assisted by Mrs. Bertha Vaughn and Mr. Frederick Guttersen. Three hundred and fifty invitations were issued for the affair and nearly that number of Los Angeles society folk attended. Monday evening in honor of Miss Hewitt, the house guest of her daughter, Mrs. Van Nuys entertained with a small box party at the Mason Opera house. Tuesday afternoon Miss Hewitt was a special guest at luncheon of Miss Phila Milbank of Wilshire boulevard. Other informal affairs will be given for this charming young visitor, while she is a guest at the Van Nuys' home.

Invitations have been issued for the wedding of Miss Elsa Behr, of Pasadena, and Mr. Rufus Spalding of this city, the nuptials to be celebrated Monday, February 15. Miss Behr's engagement was announced in her absence, while she was a house guest at the Spaldings' big sugar plantation on one of the Hawaiian islands. Since her return to her home in Pasadena, Miss Behr has been the recipient of much social attention. One of the most delightful of the several smart functions given in her honor was the tea at the Annandale Country club at which Miss Lois Allen was hostess. Assisting were Mrs. Freeman Ford, Mrs. Edward H. Groenendyke, Mrs. J. N. Senni and Miss Echo Allen. Another of the pretty affairs given for Miss Behr was a musical by Mrs. Albert Sherman Hoyt of Pasadena.

Many and brilliant society affairs are planned for the fortnight and every promise is given that the intervening weeks until Easter will be as merrily active in a social way as were the opening weeks of the winter season. Not for a moment has the busy round of luncheons, dinners, dances, theater parties and other pleasure diversions of the smart set been allowed to lapse into the dullness of idleness. Intermingling the many resplendent functions have been innumerable informal affairs. The earlier part of the season was devoted almost entirely to the feting of members of the younger set, brides-elect and debutantes. While a favored few of the season's buds are receiving unremitting attention and an occasional betrothed maid from the inner circle's midst is being feted, the society affairs of the last month have been more particularly for the matrons. Following the Lenten days the younger set again will come into prominence, for May and

June this year give indications of much business for Cupid and his aides.

Of the week's society functions, none was more attractively appointed than the valentine-dance given by Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Waters of 633 West Twenty-second street, and Mrs. Water's mother, Mrs. William Taylor Miller, Tuesday evening at Kramer's. The decorations were in charge of Miss Forman, and were appropriate to the season, pink hearts cut from cardboard, and tiny cupids being used in the arrangement. The ballroom was seasonably artistic, being festooned with strings of the hearts and cupids and having a pretty canopy formed in a similar manner. Assisting the hostesses and host were Mmes. J. Clark, Ezra T. Stimson, Edwin S. Rowley, Leslie C. Brand, Willard J. Doran, Albert L. Cheney, Loren D. Sale, Frederick W. Flint, jr., Philip L. Wilson, and Waller G. Chanslor.

Mrs. Charles McFarland of 1147 West Twenty-eighth street was hostess recently at a daintily-appointed luncheon given for Mrs. George S. Nixon, wife of Senator Nixon of Nevada, who is visiting here. Fragrant red roses were used in the table decoration and the color scheme was further carried out by the use of cut glass candelabra, shaded in red. Besides the guest of honor and hostess, places at the table were set for Mmes. Ernest A. Bryant, Charles Modini-Wood, A. C. Jones, Charles Rivers Drake, Shelley Tolhurst, Benjamin L. Harding, Erasmus Wilson, Eugene K. Corle, Hugh Harrison and F. M. Goddard.

Of wide interest was the announcement made this week of the engagement of Miss Alpa Allen, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. B. Allen of West Twenty-eighth street to Mr. C. R. L. Crenshaw, a prominent young business man of Los Angeles, and a son of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. Crenshaw of 1419 Wilton place. Miss Allen came to this city about six months ago, with her parents from Carthage, Mo., where she was one of the most popular members of the younger set. She was welcomed into the exclusive circle of the younger folk of this city and was one of the most attractive young women, who attended the recent ball given by the Bachelors. Date for the wedding has not been set as yet, but it will take place early in the summer.

Mrs. Frank John Hart and her mother, Mrs. O. C. Whitney of 620 Carondelet street, are hostesses this afternoon at an attractively presented affair at the California club. Assisting are Mmes. W. W. Neuer, J. H. Cali, D. K. Edwards, Frank Cattern, De Forest Howry, Elizabeth Nash, Felix Howes, Glover Widney, Clarence Rundell, James Estill, George Marygold, Frank R. Strong, Henry Metcalf, W. D. Stephens, George Bittinger, Bruce Williamson, Miss Dent and Mrs. John Hart of Sierra Madre.

In compliment to her mother and sister, Mrs. Sarah Pease and Mrs. Walter P. Hemmens of Elgin, Ill., who are visiting her, Mrs. Daniel Innes of Hotel Lankershim, with her daughter, Mrs. Willard J. Doran and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Will Innes, entertained Thursday afternoon with a handsomely-appointed tea, the function being given at the home of Mrs. Doran, 1194 West Twenty-seventh street. The house was artistically decorated, American Beauty roses being used in the living room and jonquils in the dining room. About two hundred invitations were issued for the afternoon and the hostesses were assisted by Mmes. Willard Stimson, Ezra T. Stimson, John T. Jones, Erwin Herron, Carrol Allen, Albert L. Cheney, Charles R. Drake, J. Kingsley Macomber, Charles Praeger, John Fairchild, Fred Flint, jr., Perne Johnson, Charles Dick, Nat Myrick, John Mott, Herman Henneberger, Arthur Braly, Harold Braly, Norman Church, E. A. Featherstone, Hugh Harrison, Robert Howell, Walter Crosby, Waller Chanslor, Green, E. L. Doran, Loren D. Sale, Fred Griffith, Jack Jayne, Fred Johnson, Glover P. Widney, T. E. Phelps, Charles Bonyne, Campbell Estill, Misses Aldine Howell, Bird Chanslor, Mazie Mather, Lina Johnson, Cora Eshman and Miss Doran. In the earlier part of the week, Mrs. Albert L. Cheney of South Burlington avenue entertained for Mrs. Hemmens with a buffet luncheon and bridge party.

About forty guests were present and Mrs. Cheney was assisted by Mrs. Willard J. Doran and Mrs. Will Innes.

Miss Marion Macneil, daughter of Mrs. Hugh L. Macneil, one of the most charming and most unaffected girls of the younger society set is the recipient of much attention, prior to her departure, the latter part of this month, with her grandmother, Mrs. James Slauson, and her uncle, Mr. James Slauson, for a tour of the Mediterranean. Monday evening in her honor, Mrs. Frank S. Hicks entertained with a small theater party at the Mason opera house, followed by a supper at Levy's. Thursday, February 18, Mrs. Emmeline Childs will entertain for Miss Macneil with a luncheon.

The first of a series of two teas was given by Mrs. Henry T. Lee, her two daughters, Mrs. Roy Koster and Miss Mary Lee, and her daughter-in-law, Mrs. Thomas Lee, Wednesday afternoon. The affair took place at the home of Mrs. Lee, 414 West Adams street. The second of the teas will be given at Mrs. Lee's home Wednesday, February 17.

Mrs. Virginia C. Keely has issued invitations for a luncheon to be given at the Alexandria next Thursday.

One of the largest of the several handsomely-appointed functions of this week was the luncheon at which Mrs. Joseph Henry Bohon of West Adams street was hostess Thursday. The affair was given in honor of Mrs. Storrs of Knoxville, Tenn., and Miss Mathews of Knoxville, Pa., who are guests of their sister, Mrs. George Griffith of Orchard avenue. Mrs. Bohon was assisted in receiving and entertaining by her mother and sister, Mrs. Eleanor Page and Miss Page, and Mmes. George Griffith, J. Wells Smith, Shelley Tolhurst, Albert Crutcher, Florence B. Crampton, Edward Bosbyshell, Wesley Clark, L. T. Bradford, Lawson Treadwell, J. B. Kissam, Carlos Jones, James Bowman, J. B. Lippincott, Irwin Herron, Willoughby Rodman, Curtis Williams, W. J. Porter, Carl Adam, J. C. Page and Miss Bryan.

Mrs. Philip L. Wilson of 19 Chester place has issued invitations for a large tea to be given at her home Tuesday afternoon, February 23. The affair will be one of the most brilliant of the month.

One of the largest of the society functions of next week will be the reception at which Mrs. Elton R. Wolcott of 825 South Burlington avenue and Mrs. S. W. Strong of 721 South Bonnie Brae street will be hostesses. The affair will be given at the home of Mrs. Wolcott, Thursday afternoon, February 18, and nearly three hundred guests have been bidden for the occasion.

Tuesday a smart luncheon was given by Mrs. W. T. McArthur of Twenty-first street and Western avenue, the affair being in honor of Mrs. W. W. Hall. Guests included Mrs. E. T. Earl, J. B. Kissam, George G. Martyn, J. Ross Clark, Henry C. Lee, Guy Barham, F. M. Kennedy, Jefferson Chandler, W. W. Dixon, Harry Armstrong, and Misses Mollie Adelia Brown, and Alice Nicol of Washington.

Mrs. Charles L. Hubbard of 1212 Orange street entertained with a bridge party Tuesday afternoon. The home was decorated with wild poppies and poppy grass, effecting an attractive color scheme of yellow and green. Mrs. Walter J. Wren and Mrs. G. B. Corwin assisted the hostess in receiving and guests for the afternoon included Mmes. M. W. Everhardy, George Hupp, W. J. Hole, H. L. Graham, Robert Brunton, Edward Guthrie, Harley Brundige, J. H. Goodhue, N. B. Carter, Frank Murphy, Della Hilderbrand, A. S. McAulay, W. S. Derby, Luther Wood, Robert Schroeter, Frank Bowles, Marion Welsh, C. J. Cheney, Fred Lang, A. M. Squires, Albert Wilson, W. B. Corwin, L. J. Linkenbach and Mrs. N. P. Powers of Chicago; Misses Cora Parker, Kate Parker, Ethel Graham, May Rebman, Ethel Rebman, Gertrude Johnson and Violet McDonald.

Miss Jane Campbell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Warren Campbell of Sunset boulevard, and Mr. Victor B. Stewart have chosen Wednesday, February 24, as the date for their marriage. The wedding will be celebrated in Immanuel Presbyterian church in

the presence of relatives and intimate friends only and the appointments are to be simple.

Mr. Louis Vetter was host Monday evening at a box party at the Mason, followed by a supper at the California club. His guests included Mr. and Mrs. Harry Gray of Pasadena, Dr. and Mrs. Ernest A. Bryant, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Drake, Dr. and Mrs. Granville MacGowan, Mr. and Mrs. Edwin T. Earl, Capt. and Mrs. Randolph H. Miner, Mrs. C. B. Stuart, Mrs. Mary Briggs, Mrs. Mary Longstreet and Mr. James Slauson.

Mrs. George W. Blossom of Chicago, who with her husband and little daughter is visiting in Southern California, has been delightfully entertained this week. Her hostess Monday was Mrs. W. G. Jerrems of North Orange Grove avenue, Pasadena. Next Tuesday Mrs. Blossom will share honors with Mrs. F. A. Ingalls and Miss May Hammond of Chicago at a tea which Mrs. C. L. Higbee of 2626 West Ninth street will give. Mrs. Higbee will be assisted in receiving by Mrs. B. F. Church, Mrs. J. J. Jenkins, Mrs. Gail Hamilton, Mrs. Don Keeler, Mrs. Ira O. Smith, Mrs. Will Van Cleve and Miss Helen Van Cleve of Hartford, Ind.

Mrs. Joseph Haskins of Manhattan place gave a tea Monday in compliment to her house guest, Miss Dorothea Andrews of the Presidio, San Francisco. Mrs. Ethel Eagan West presided over the tea table.

Miss Evangeline Norvell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Spencer Norvell of West Twenty-seventh street, was married Tuesday evening to Mr. Alvin Graves Percival. The ceremony took place at the Central Baptist church.

Mrs. Charles Stuart of Lafayette, Ind., is the guest of her cousin, Mr. Edwin T. Earl of Wilshire boulevard. Mrs. Stewart is en route to Japan, where she will make a short stay.

Among the recent affairs of note was the large house party given over Saturday and Sunday by Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Ellis of Hotel Frontenac, at their country home at La Canada. Cards, dancing and other pastimes were enjoyed. Mr. and Mrs. Ellis' guests included Mr. and Mrs. D. C. Barber, Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Hubbard, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. D. W. Davis, Mr. and Mrs. Winfield Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. H. Bert Stearns, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Bisbee, Mrs. Ellis' mother, Mrs. Liscomb, and Mr. William G. Dow.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Howes and Mrs. Howes' grandmother, Mrs. E. S. Bolling of Nashville, Tenn., have removed from 1684 West Jefferson street to their new home at 2915 Sunset place.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter M. Clark arrived the latter part of last week from New York state, where they were married recently and are home temporarily with Mr. Clark's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Ross Clark, 710 West Adams street.

Monday the Ebell club will enjoy a particularly interesting and entertaining program, when Mrs. George Goldsmith, well known as a former stage favorite, Lillian Burkhardt, will give a reading of George Bernard Shaw's play, "How She Lied to Her Husband." She will be assisted in her interpretation by Mr. Bennet Southard of the Belasco stock company and Mr. Byron Beasley of the Burbank theater company. Later in the month Mrs. Goldsmith will give a reading of Yates' "Kathleen Mi Houlihan," before the members of the book section.

Several hundred callers Tuesday partook of tea at the Copper Kettle tea room, where Misses Mildred Morris, Harriet Morris and Beatrice Wigmore served for the benefit of the Working Boys' club. The affair was in the nature of a social function and society's exclusive set was well represented among the throng of hostesses and guests. The boys' club conducted by Mrs. L. M. Vance will be measurably wealthier by the fund of profits which the benefit turns into its treasury.

Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Jarvis of Louisville, Ky., arrived Tuesday for a visit with Dr. and Mrs. West Hughes of 500 West Twenty-third street. Dr. and Mrs. Hughes entertained Friday evening with a dinner for their guests

and next Friday Mrs. Hughes will give a luncheon in compliment to Mrs. Jarvis.

Mrs. Sidney Lee Grover of 628 South Burlington avenue entertained Tuesday at bridge, having as her guests the members of the West Adams Bridge club.

Mrs. D. A. Trimble of Kansas City, Mo., is a house guest of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Bowen, 4001 Normandie avenue.

Announcement has been made of the engagement of Miss Frances Aylesworth, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. W.

In honor of Miss Grace Hortense Tower, whose marriage to Mr. John T. Warren of Honolulu will take place March 1, the members of the Woman's Press club entertained Tuesday noon with a luncheon at the Y. W. C. A. rooms. Toasts were responded to by Miss Winifred Webb of Pasadena, Mrs. Louise M. George, Miss Jean Craib, Dora Oliphant Coe, Mrs. George Drake Ruddy and Mrs. John W. Mitchell. Aylesworth of 220 North Hancock avenue, to Mr. G. F. Ghisi. No date has been set for the wedding.

Mrs. D. A. Meekins of 1203 Arapahoe street is hostess this afternoon at an informal bridge party.

Among the prominent society women who will be patronesses for the production of "The Master Power," by Alfred Allen, to be played at the Mason Opera house, Monday evening, February 15, are Meses Ernest A. Bryant, Wesley Clark, Howard E. Huntington, Guy Cochran, Michael J. Connell, Elbert Wing, Horace Wing, Willoughby Rodman, George A. Caswell, E. C. Dieter, Edwin T. Earl, J. G. McKinney, Randolph H. Miner, E. C. Moore, William E. Dunn and John T. Jones. This is the first production of "The Master Power," which Mr. Allen wrote several years ago and which was awarded a prize of \$1,000 by an eastern magazine.

Mr. and Mrs. William Hogue of 1959 East First street were host and hostess Monday evening at an informal dinner given for Mrs. L. A. Chaplin of Holtville, Cal., and Judge and Mrs. B. F. Nudd of Seattle.

Mrs. Loren D. Sale was hostess at two pretty affairs last week at her home on Alvarado street, entertaining Friday and Saturday afternoon with luncheon, followed by bridge.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Bosbyshell are occupying their new home on Orchard avenue and West Adams street.

Mr. and Mrs. William Shakespeare were guests of honor last Saturday at the luncheon given by the members of the Dominant club. The affair was marked by an entertaining after-luncheon speech by Mr. Shakespeare who gave reminiscences of famous singers he had met and been associated with. Mr. and Mrs. Shakespeare have taken a house for the winter at 1250 Elden avenue.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Coe of 132 West Fifth street announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Elise May Coe, to Mr. Frederick William Fabrick of Covina. The wedding will take place in March.

Mr. John W. George and his daughter, Miss George of Galesburg, Ill., who have been touring the southwest are guests at the home of Mrs. E. C. Wells, 2927 Hobart boulevard.

Ten little girls enjoyed a box party at the Auditorium last Saturday afternoon, the affair being given by Mrs. Maurice Armstrong of 1621 West Pico street in celebration of the tenth birthday anniversary of her daughter, Miss Gladys Armstrong. The guests were Misses Katherine Ward, Beatrice Ward, Fern McCleary, Audrey Creighton, Ruth Hubbard, Evelyn Stowby, Dorothy Hanna, Olga Waite and May Powers. Mrs. Armstrong and Miss Helen Weed chaperoned the party.

Mrs. Frederick Bradley Henderson of 1144 Magnolia avenue has sent out cards for a luncheon and bridge party to be given at the Los Angeles Country club, Tuesday afternoon, February 23.

Miss Louise Burke of Berkeley Square left recently for the east in company with Mrs. Mason Ball, formerly Miss Cornelia Winder of this city. Miss Burke will visit with friends in New York city.

Members of the Leonides club will give their seventh annual dance Mon-

day evening, February 22, at Kramer's. The affair will be one of the most enjoyable of any at which the young men have been hosts.

Misses Vance and De Laguna of the Westlake School for Girls, have issued invitations for a large dancing party to be given at Kramer's, Friday evening, February 19, in celebration of Washington's birthday.

After a three weeks' outing in Mexico with their father, Mr. E. P. Clark, the Misses Mary and Katherine Clark of 9 St. James Park, returned this week to their home.

Mrs. Albert Kingsbury and her daughter, Miss Helen Kingsbury of Mexico City, are located at the Kenneth on Grand avenue for the remainder of the winter season.

Miss Mabel Lyser, whose marriage to Mr. J. N. Cherniss is to be celebrated Monday, February 22, at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. C. E. Lindenstadt, 719 Hartford avenue, is being entertained with several pleasurable pre-nuptial affairs.

Mrs. Rudolph Spreckels, her sister, children, and maids, of San Francisco, are guests for a month or so at Hotel Raymond, Pasadena.

Hotel del Coronado for the week ending February 7 was the focal point of many travelers from all sections of the country, the extreme eastern states being largely represented by citizens who have sought the balmy winter climate of Southern California. Among the Los Angelans who registered at the hotel in the week were Mr. H. W. Benson, Mr. George Major, Dr. and Mrs. Will J. Reed, Mr. Harrison Albright, Mr. W. D. Clark, Jr., Mr. J. W. Monohan and Mr. George W. McCaskey.

Mr. and Mrs. Albert W. Johnston of New York are visiting here as house guests of Mr. and Mrs. Melville Morton Johnston of Hobart boulevard.

Popular Los Angeles Resort

The growing number of guests at Arrowhead Hot Springs shows that its popularity is making it substantial friends. Its superbly equipped bath house, supplementing a first-class and luxurious hotel is drawing to it not only people seeking relief from its natural mineral waters, but large numbers who go there to enjoy the admirable service, together with the delights of the mountain surroundings. Mr. H. S. Kneidler, the local representative, whose office is at 553 South Spring street, reports a rapidly growing interest in the resort.

BRANCH OF FRENCH SOCIETY

L'Union Artistique des Femmes Francaises of Paris Represented Here.

One of the finest establishments that has ever been instituted for the benefit of aspiring young musicians of the gentle sex has been organized by Madame Tekley-Planel, officier D'Academie Francaise; founder de L'Union Artistique des Femmes Francaises, Paris. This association, which is entirely philanthropic on the part of Madame and Monsieur Planel—the latter also a hard worker in this movement—has been brought into active operation for two prominent objects, viz.: first, to receive strangers who have arrived in Paris to study music; and, second, to advise them with whom to place themselves according to their desires and specialty, thus safeguarding them against choosing unworthy teachers and pretenders.

Another advantage of the institution is that opportunity is afforded the student, when advanced sufficiently, to be heard by the great critics and masters, as the association has an orchestra of one hundred pieces. The debutante, whether composer, singer or soloist, is thus supported by her own fraternity. The association is self-supporting and whatever is earned by recitals and public and private performances is used for necessary expenses and for the help of needy members, should occasion require. Monsieur Planel is an American citizen, although he has lived most of his life in France, and this association is specially arranged for American girls. They are now given an opportunity to be heard by the great masters which has hitherto been denied them.

M. Louis Planel is a native of San Francisco, and made his professional debut in that city at the age of four and a half. At fourteen he was celebrated as a violinist and pianist.

He then studied in Paris with such celebrated masters as Marmontel, Vieuxtemps, Massart, Allard and Masset. He is the possessor of many decorations, being a chevalier de la legion d'honor, and officier de l'instruction publique, and at twenty-one received from the queen of Spain the much coveted decoration, Isabella la Catholic.

Madame Tekley-Planel also has the honor of many decorations. She is officier d'academie, and belongs to a distinguished family. At the request of Victorien Sardou and Alexander Dumas, she played the roles of La Grande Sarah in "L'Etrangere," and most of the dramas written for Bernhardt. Since her marriage Madame Planel has forsaken the stage and devotes herself to French poetical recitations with musical adaptations. Some of the most celebrated French poets of the day have contributed to her work.

The Planels have been received with enthusiasm by society in San Francisco and Los Angeles during their stay on the coast. They are traveling through the United States and Mexico, giving concerts and making known the existence of L'Union Artistique des Femmes Francaises, which has the complete favor and support of the French government, Mme. Planel having official documents from the French officials to ambassadors and consuls, asking for assistance wherever possible. Carl Bronson, director of the School of Opera in the Blanchard building, will have charge of this institution for the entire Pacific coast.

R. T. de Q.

According to an opinion filed with the supervisors by Hartley Shaw, irregularities in the publication of notices for an election in the Sierra Madre school district, makes the issue of \$3,500 illegal and void.

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AFTERNOON TEA

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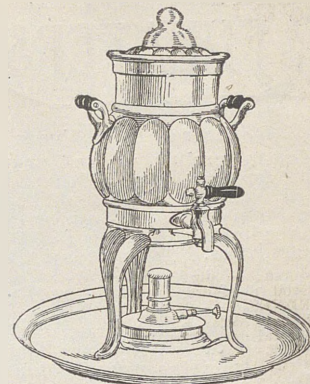
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By George A. Dobinson

What a prolific and all-engrossing theme for poet, prose writer, painter and sculptor has the devil been—not to mention the great service he has rendered to the theologian of this and of past ages. Even today the personal devil, as a survival of the superstition of mediaeval times, is trotted out and put through his paces, and when he is placed upon the stage, whether in the garb of the fourteenth century, or in the unbecoming habiliments of modern society, he is sure of a full house. At Morosco's Burbank theater this week they have revived the mediaeval devil, clad in a suit of red and with modern electrical attachments. He is a merry and facetious gentleman and considering the magnitude of his engagements, devotes a large amount of time to the affairs of Dr. Faustus, an aged philosopher, whom he restores to juvenility, and provides with a sweetheart and wealth in exchange for the trifling gift of the doctor's soul. He gives him a new suit of clothes directly the bargain is signed, that is, a new suit with the exception of a hat, and through the remainder of the play poor Faust has to walk bareheaded, while the other young men are bonnetted, plaided and plumed in their gorgeous array, and appear to be comfortable, but the natural melancholy of Desmond's Faust is intensified by the fact that he has lost his hat.

Then there is the poor, trusting, childlike Marguerite,—rather full blown in this case, and too evidently awake to the ways of men,—who allows herself to be hooked up to the flies for an "apotheosis" upon which the devil is disgusted and the curtain falls. What becomes of Faust? Does the devil foreclose on his bargain, or does Faust resume his gray hair and shabby clothes, or does he continue his course as a hatless gallant and disturb the peace of middle class families? These are questions that must remain without answer. We know that Marguerite is all right. Has she not been apotheosized before our very eyes? There are grave doubts about her brother Valentine, because he too will not disturb his glossy locks with the disfiguring dent of hat. When he comes upon the stage after his return from the wars, his hat is carried for him by a friend who carefully deposits it on the seat beside him, while Valentine rages incoherently in the manner that Mr. Mestayer can do so well.

What is it that maintains the attraction for this worn-out play? Is it the supernatural element, the bargain for a man's soul, the exhibition of the crude devil with which the monks of old scared their parishioners—the devil with the red cowl and the mirthless laugh to which Mr. Feasley does ample justice; or is it the eternal and always engaging love interest, particularly demonstrated in the garden scene, that wins the crowd. Mr. Desmond and Mary Hall are not happily cast as lovers—there is a lack of spontaneity about their blushing and cooing which gives rise to the impression that they feel it is all a matter of course and that it will be taken by the audience at face value, which is apparently what happens, for everyone seems pleased when the apotheosis is over, and the long continued suspense is ended.

"Stranger in New York" at Belasco

Members of the Belasco stock company this week show a versatility in repertoire and a clever adaptability to the light Cohanesque plays as well as to the heavier and more ambitious productions, which they have lately staged. In Charles Hoyt's old comedy, "A Stranger in New York," the players, without exception, appear to much better advantage than might be presupposed. The play is a rollicking comedy, replete with laughable situations, a direct antithesis to the dramas of rugged Western life in which the company has heretofore appeared with so great merit. The comedy is filled with interpolations of down-to-date songs and in this element of vaudeville several of the members give an

unexpectedly good account of themselves. Miss Oakley's song in the first act, "Just a Little Walk With You," was prettily rendered and received several encores. Mr. Stone has far from a grand opera voice, but he can troll as well as the average person and with a catchy song for his special number, he won his share of approval. Mr. Charles Ruggles was the most versatile of the company and varied his song, "Meet Me in Rose Time, Rosie," with whistling and ragging, which was well appreciated by the audience. Fay Bainter sang "Be Sweet to Me Kid," in coy and naive manner. Miss Noyes, petite and attired in a dainty bathing costume, warbled "Mother May I Go Out to Swim," and her vocal contribution was rewarded by a shower of bouquets. Miss Lucile Carney, in an exigency, took the part of the society detective and in view of the short notice played her part with creditable understanding. One special feature of the performance was the solo by Miss Bessie Tannehill, the well-known lyric soprano.

"Babes in Toyland" at Majestic

Victor Herbert's music has a tuneful quality, a daintiness and catchy lilt that makes his productions almost actor proof. His "Babes in Toyland," which had a difficult time in reaching Los Angeles, is given a pleasing production at the Majestic theater this week, with Gene Ormond, of local fame, playing the roguish little Jane who gets lost in the mystic mazes of Toyland. Miss Ormond's delivery has improved gratifyingly since her last appearance here, and she has a confidence in herself which does not smack of self-conceit. As the grotesque Mar-maduke, Gus Pixley creates a gale of merriment, and he is well seconded by Eddie Redway as the juvenile Alan. The chorus is well costumed and sings the Herbert music appreciatively.

"The Red Mill" at the Mason

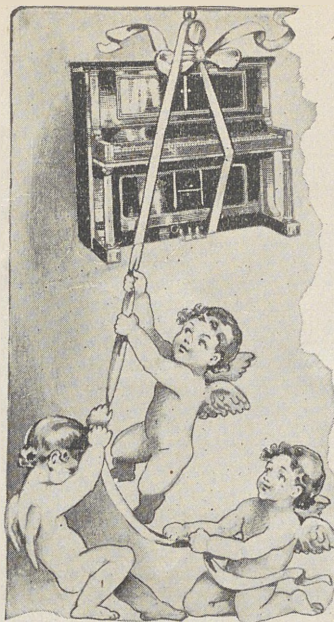
For a sparkling, clever piece of musical extravagance, "The Red Mill," at the attraction of the current week, at the Mason Opera house, is highly to be commended. Victor Herbert's music is delightful and the introduced dances entrancingly good. A squad of Dutch Kiddies captures the house with a dance in costume a la Hollandaise. As for story, there is a light thread of interest in the first act that disappears in the second, which is mainly devoted to specialties. Walter Wills and Neil McNeil are the chartered fun makers and do their work with spirit and huge success. The cast is a big one and comprises an unusual number of good people who do their turns in a manner that delights the lovers of this kind of entertainment.

Snappy Bill at the Orpheum

Only three new turns enliven the bill at the Orpheum this week, but there is nothing "slow" about any one of them. Mr. and Mrs. Gene Hughes have a bright, snappy sketch in "Suppressing the Press." Of course, there are many flaws in it, but it would be hypercritical to point them out to an audience that laughs unceasingly during the half hour devoted to the playlet. The Chadwick Trio are notable chiefly for the presence of Ida May Chadwick, who does an excellent bit of character work and gives an exhibition of buck dancing that has never been equaled on the Orpheum stage. The ovation she receives from gallery and boxes is overwhelming. The other act is the acrobatic turn of the Three Yoscarys, whose difficult and entertaining feats are artfully combined with a pantomime that really approaches comedy. De Biere, the illusionist, has added a few new features to his act which are praiseworthy, but if he were to discard his sarcophagus trick the audiences would feel that he gave them credit for at least common intelligence. Even from the back of the theater the false figure he employs is painfully obvious.

"Girl From Paris," at the Grand

More than one shining light of the masculine portion of Los Angeles society has witnessed the production of "The Girl from Paris" at the Grand Opera house this week. It is worth a seat in the front row or a stage box to watch the entrancing frivolity of Grisella Kingsland as Julie Bon Bon. Miss Kingsland glows like a flame flower in her scarlet dress and monstrous hat, and gives promise of better things. Her Parisienne is graceful and chic



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PRINCIPAL

and while somewhat lacking in the ease of deportment and suavity of accent that long experience gives, is a charming characterization. Walter de Leon plays up to her in admirable fashion as the excitable little Pompiere. Cunning Muggins Davis, disguised in a Cockney costume, scores a triumph as the much-enduring Ruth, and Anna Little is somewhat in the background as Norah. Neither Charles Arling nor Ferris Hartman has much opportunity, the "fat" parts falling to Emil Krusche, who comes to the front in a ludicrously good delineation of the erring preacher, and Joseph Fogarty who plays the tempestuous major. The chorus does its usual excellent work, and the orchestra continues its eccentric journeys far afield.

Offerings Next Week

Los Angelans should be especially interested in the production of "The Master Power," at the Mason Opera house the first three days of next week. This drama is the work of Alfred Allen, of local fame, and won the \$1,000 prize offered by the New York Town Topics last year. It is a story of the race question, written by a man who has viewed it impartially from all sides; who has lived in the district of which he writes and has faithfully reproduced conditions in their true value. The author makes a fine distinction between the kindly, affectionate negro of other days, as he is still to be found in many instances, and the domineering, dangerous type of primitive passion, responsible for the ill repute into which the modern negro has fallen. A number of prominent society women will act as patronesses for the event.

Lewis S. Stone and the Belasco Theater company will depart from their usual routine next week, when Hoyt's comedy, "A Texas Steer," will be produced. Stone will have a role unlike his ordinary assignments in Maverick Brander, the elderly Texan who is sent to represent his district in congress. The part of Bossy, Brander's winsome daughter, is well placed in the hands of Florence Oakley. James K. Applebee will be introduced in a new field of work in his delineation of Fishback, the colored politician. This is really the "fat" character part of the play and offers unlimited opportunity. Following "A Texas Steer," Mr. Stone and the Belasco company will give John Drew's success, "The Second in Command." It was scheduled for the next Belasco offering but difficulties in the matter of having costumes made necessitated a postponement of a week.

"Ali Baba and the Forty Thieves" is scheduled for the next spectacular production at the Auditorium theater, for the week beginning Monday, Feb. 15. An odd coincidence is that Maud Beatty will appear in the same part in which she made her first stage appearance in London, England. Miss Olga Stech will have a sunshiny part, and Billy Onslow, the comedian, expects to make a hit in his assignment. The other principals will be seen to advantage in minor roles. The really big feature of the Auditorium show is the ballet, composed of seventy pretty girls, who are daily becoming more adept in the art of ensemble dancing. No expense has been spared to make "Ali Baba" a production worth seeing.

Next week's attraction at the Burbank theater will be a big revival of Charles Hoyt's popular purpose comedy, "A Temperance Town." This play always has been a success in its previous presentations at the Main street stock house. John W. Burton will play Lancelot Jones, Henry Stockbridge will be seen as "Bingo" Jones, William Desmond as Jack Worth, A. Byron Beasley as the Rev. Mr. Hardman, Lovell Alice Taylor as the minister's daughter, Louise Royce as Mrs. Jones and Margaret Duffet as Arabella Doe. Willis Marks will be welcomed as Un-

cle Joe Vail, after an absence of several weeks on account of serious illness.

"Rip Van Winkle," Washington Irving's idyl of the Catskills, which has served to display to the public the acting genius of three generations of Jeffersons, will be the attraction at the Majestic theater for the week beginning Sunday, Feb. 14. Thomas Jefferson, son of the famous "Joe," will enact the title role. An elaborate production of the play is promised and it is asserted that Mr. Jefferson is surrounded by the most competent company that has ever appeared in his support. The usual Sunday, Wednesday and Saturday matinees will be given.

Five new acts will gladden the eyes and ears of Orpheum habitués the week of Feb. 15. Together with the three holdovers who were here only part of last week, owing to washouts, they make up practically a new bill. Heading the list comes Julie Herne, daughter of James A. Herne. Miss Herne has inherited the parental art and in "A Mountain Cinderella," a playlet of the hills, is declared to be excellent. The sketch tells an intense story with a melodramatic climax, and special scenery is carried for it. Mme. Jewell brings a host of manikins and presents a novelty in "Toyland Vaudeville," especially appealing to the little folk. The Murray Sisters are the "something different" in sister acts. Their costumes are said to be entrancing. The Josselin trio, Clorus, Rosa and Sora, have an aerial act, wholly in black and white except for the spot light effects. Helen Goff, well remembered as the mezzo soprano of the Gaiety company, will make her vaudeville debut with a group of parlor songs. The holdovers include the Three Yoscarys, the Chadwick Trio, and Mr. and Mrs. Gene Hughes.

Ferris Hartman and his company of funmakers and singers will offer "The Ameer" next week, beginning with the Sunday matinee. This was one of Frank Daniels' greatest laugh producers and should serve as a good opportunity for Hartman. It offers him unlimited chance for comedy and does not demand a strain upon that near-baritone voice of his. The presentation of "The Ameer" will introduce Miss Christine Neilsen, the new prima donna of the Hartman company. Miss Neilsen has just terminated a successful engagement with the Princess theater in San Francisco. Among the score or more of melodies interpolated in "The Ameer" are "Cupid Will Guide You," "In Old Ben Franklin Days," "The Little Poster man," and many other favorites. Following "The Ameer" the Ferris Hartman company will present the famous success, "A Chinese Honeymoon." This will be the first time this piece has been played by any other than a traveling syndicate company.

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THE AMEER

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MATINEE WEDNESDAY

ALL WEEK

MATINEE SATURDAY

THOMAS JEFFERSON IN THE AMERICAN CLASSIC WHICH HIS FATHER MADE FAMOUS

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Beautiful scenic production.

Excellent supporting company.

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Matinee Sunday

ALL WEEK

Charles A. Hoyt's Best Comedy

The Home of
Successes
Matinee Saturday

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To follow: The lively farce, "Are You a Mason?"

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Special Auditorium Prices, 10c, 15c, 25c, 35c, 50c. Matinees, 10c, 15c, 25c.

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There have been no price movements of importance in local securities known in this market during the week. As a matter of fact, trading on the Los Angeles stock exchange, as well as on the mining board, has been more than ordinarily quiet. In certain quarters it is insisted that the reasons for the lack of business has been the recent new rules of the older exchange which have forced all orders to be made publicly in its pit, where buyers as well as sellers have been able to see at a glance just what their stocks or other securities have cost them.

Whether or not the new rules will stick will be known within a few days, another meeting of members of the exchange having been called for Feb. 15, when the vexed question will be discussed and a settlement reached. According to well informed opinion, those opposed to the new idea now being tried, will succeed in having former conditions of doing business restored.

Union Oil, which has been remarkably soft for more than a month, is about due for a rise, according to market experts. The stock has been a purchase around present prices. It was selling ex-dividend Wednesday, at par and a half, with buying orders somewhat scarce. At that time it was freely insisted that those responsible for the recent bear movement in the shares had captured about all they wanted and the stock might be expected, from this on, to swing upward. Similar observation would of course apply to Union Provident as well as to United Petroleum.

Edison, pfd., as well as the common, continues weak, along with L. A. Home pfd., the latter being soft because of political reasons which make it probable that the company may not after all secure the rate equalization to which it is entitled, as compared with the privileges acquired by its older rival.

Bonds continue hard with few sales, and the best of the bank stocks recently have been almost lost sight of in a market that declines to absorb even a moderate offering. Farmers & Merchants and First National, both have dropped off recently, the former having recorded in the week a sale of a board lot of ten shares at 285, a shrinkage of fifteen points since the last quotation. First National is hanging around 430, with a block of 100 shares offered.

Bank of Southern California, and Citizens National are about the best things in their line, the latter being 235 bid, a rise of five points over the last known reliable quotation, and the former being scarce at 112.

In the cheaper oils, Rice Ranch and Western Union have begun to look upward, the first named selling this week at \$1.15, as against \$1.00 a week ago. It is believed to be good for \$1.50 within sixty days.

Associated Oil declines absolutely to cross 40, in spite of all sorts of attempts to clean the local as well as the San Francisco market of stock.

Standard Goldfield mining issues show no improvement and Boston coppers, held in this market, again are a drag in the market.

Money continues to rule hard, with no changes in interest rates.

Banks and Banking

Friday marked the twentieth anniversary of the organization of the Security Savings bank of Los Angeles, which institution has kept close pace with the growth of the city and from an unpretentious beginning with a capital of \$29,000 has expanded until now it has a capital and reserve of \$1,400,000 with 49,000 depositors, whose aggregate deposits amount to \$19,400,000 and the present total resources of the bank are \$20,800,000. The Security Savings bank was organized February 11, 1889, with J. F. Sartori, I. W. Hellman, the late H. W. Hellman, C. W. Childs, J. A. Graves, J. H. Shankland and others, whose names have grown to be powerful factors in the financial world, as directors. In its initial days the institution occupied as quarters, a small storeroom at 148 Main street, in the Weil block. Only three persons were employed at that time. Steadily

the bank began to grow and in 1895 larger quarters were obtained at Second and Main streets, where the National Bank of Commerce now is located. In 1904, when the late Herman W. Hellman erected his handsome new building at Fourth and Spring streets, the Security Savings bank had completely outgrown its banking rooms and was moved into the more commodious structure. At that time the total deposits were only \$6,500,000. In January, 1904, the bank absorbed the Main Street Savings bank and in November of the same year the Los Angeles Savings bank was taken over. In December of 1907, when the bank moved into its present quarters in the Security building, at Fifth and Spring streets, it absorbed the Southern California Savings bank. In the twenty years of the Security Savings bank's existence the growth of the dividends has formed a striking example of the bank's prosperity. The first annual dividend totaled \$724. With one exception, the year of 1894, following the panic, the total dividends have increased until last year's distribution to stockholders aggregated \$612,000. The personnel of the bank's staff comprises prominent men of the city, who have been identified for years in local financial circles. Following are the officers: J. F. Sartori, president; M. S. Hellman, vice-president; Charles H. Toll, vice-president; John E. Plater, vice-president; W. D. Longyear, cashier and secretary; T. A. Hall, assistant cashier; C. W. Wilson, assistant cashier; J. H. Griffith, assistant secretary, and W. M. Caswell, assistant cashier.

Statements issued by the ten local national banks at the close of business Friday of last week give a gratifying account of the city's prosperity. Deposits amount to \$44,210,061 and compare with a total of \$42,123,719 for November 27, and with \$40,249,658 September 23. The aggregate of loans at the close of business Friday, February 5, was \$29,380,388, compared with \$29,249,747 November 27, and with \$29,747,463 September 23. At the last call the banks held \$19,324,713 in cash in their vaults. The amount November 27 was \$17,985,882, and for September 23 was \$16,629,951.

After having been closed for more than a month by order of the state bank examiners, the Union Exchange bank at Ninth and Main streets was reopened Tuesday with new officers and directors at its head. While the bank was closed by the commissioners in December the affairs of the institution were not turned into the hands of a receiver. Instead, the business was taken over by a new set of officers. The personnel of the institution now is I. L. Spencer, president; H. J. Haynes, vice-president; and these officers with L. H. Haynes, E. Jones and C. A. Bennett comprise the directorate. Benjamin Marks is cashier. It is understood that the bank's capital may be increased from \$50,000 to \$100,000 in the near future.

Certainty is practically assured the plan to reopen the Citizens' Saving bank at Long Beach. More than \$85,000 in deposits in the defunct institution was represented in signatures as a result of the meeting held recently by those who had their deposits in the bank. It is expected that the \$275,000 required for the reopening of the financial institution will have been obtained in signatures within a comparatively short time. At the meeting last Saturday of the stockholders it was shown that about \$358,697.16 was owing the depositors and but \$84,697.16 would have to be raised to pay the first instalment of deposits to check-book holders. By the assessment on the stockholders, Dr. Price stated that \$62,500 would be raised. Add to this the \$38,000 now in the hands of Receiver Kelsey and the \$50,000 in judgments which will be liquidated within sixty days, and the bank would have, after its deduction of the \$84,697.16, about \$75,000 with which to begin business.

According to Henry Clews, the dull business and continued expansion of the currency when not needed, has resulted in surfeiting the eastern banks with idle funds, for which they can find no satisfactory use. As a consequence rates are abnormally low and there is a tendency to unhealthy speculation. In the opinion of Mr. Clews it will be impossible for either securities or commodities to settle down to a normal level while money remains so cheap. Los Angeles conditions show

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little change. Funds are in good demand and rates are held down to 6 per cent and 7 per cent. All local banks are running strong in reserves, but there is no tendency to loan out any of the surplus for speculative enterprises.

Members of the executive council of the California Bankers' association have decided to call the next annual convention of the association for May 26, 27 and 28 at Del Monte. The California association was invited to hold a joint convention this year with the Oregon, Washington, and Idaho associations, but with many important business affairs to be discussed the state bankers' association declined the invitation.

Stock and Bond Briefs.

Electors of the Washington Park school district will hold a school bond election Saturday, February 20, at the school house in that district to vote on the issuance of bonds in the amount of \$10,000 for school lots and building. The bonds will be twenty in number and of the denomination of \$500 each.

Members of the committee on streets of the Santa Barbara city council presented a report recently to the council, recommending that the Booth's Point road be repaired immediately. The committee also advised the calling of an election at an early date for voting on a \$25,000 bond issue to finance the repair of the road and the purchase of a salt pond.

At their meeting next Monday the supervisors probably will order advertisement for the sale of the \$720,000 school bonds voted by Los Angeles district in January. Of this sum \$480,000 will be used for high school purposes and \$240,000 will be expended in the erection and improvement of the grammar grade facilities.

Bonds in the amount of \$100,000 have been issued by the San Antonio

Water company at Ontario. This makes the floating debt of the company aggregate about \$250,000.

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

U. S. Land Office at
Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 22, 1909.
Notice is hereby given that Refugio Espinoza, of Santa Monica, Cal., who on January 26, 1904, made Homestead entry No. 10478-03180, for S.E. 1/4 S.E. 1/4, sec. 13, and E. 1/2 of N.E. 1/4 and S.W. 1/4 of N.E. 1/4, Section 24, Township 1 S., Range 17 W., S.B.M., has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 16th day of March, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Claude M. Allen, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Joseph B. Robison, of Santa Monica, Cal.; C. F. Greenleaf, of Santa Monica, Cal.; Guillermo Bojorquez, of The Palms, Cal.
FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
5t Date of first publication Jan. 30

NOTICE FOR PUBLICATION.

DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR.

U. S. Land Office at
Los Angeles, Cal., Jan. 20, 1909.
Notice is hereby given that Lillie M. Svenson, of Santa Monica, Cal., who, on January 19th, 1904, made homestead entry 02968-10468, for W. 1/2 of N.E. 1/4 section 6, Township 1 S., Range 16 W., S.B.M., has filed notice of intention to make final five-year proof to establish claim to the land above described, before Register and Receiver, U. S. Land office at Los Angeles, Cal., on the 9th day of March, 1909.

Claimant names as witnesses: Antonio Leutherer, of Topanga, Cal.; J. H. Goebel, of Topanga, Cal.; Charles F. Greenleaf, of Topanga, Cal.; Philip Le-Sur, of Calabasas, Cal.
FRANK C. PRESCOTT, Register.
5t Date of first publication Jan. 30



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appeals to discriminating people.

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FOURTH AND SPRING

Statement of the

Central National Bank Of Los Angeles

At the Close of Business

February 5, 1909

(Condensed from Statement to Comptroller of the Currency.)

RESOURCES.

Loans and Discounts.....	\$1,380,490.53
U. S. Government and Other Bonds.....	404,211.38
Overdrafts.....	545.15
Furniture and Fixtures.....	35,733.95
Cash and Sight Exchange.....	880,901.91
	\$2,701,882.92

LIABILITIES.

Capital Stock.....	\$ 300,000.00
Surplus and Profits.....	216,509.92
Circulation.....	49,200.00
Deposits.....	2,136,173.00
	\$2,701,882.92

Officers.

Geo. Mason.....	President
John R. Mathews.....	Vice-President
S. F. Zombro.....	Vice-President
James B. Gist.....	Cashier
A. M. Beamon.....	Assistant Cashier

Directors.

Geo. W. Scott.....	Robt. N. Bulla
O. T. Johnson.....	A. B. Cass
Niles Pease.....	E. W. Davies
L. Landsay.....	John R. Mathews
Geo. Mason.....	T. E. Gibbon
C. T. Crowell.....	S. F. Zombro
R. H. Howell.....	

REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE NATIONAL BANK OF CALIFORNIA At Los Angeles in the State of California, at the close of business February 5, 1909.

RESOURCES.
Loans and discounts.....\$2,105,153.51
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....7,766.51
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.. 500,000.00
Premiums on U. S. bonds.....18,000.00
Bonds, securities, etc.....337,764.51
Banking house, furniture, and fixtures.....80,407.35
Other real estate owned.....12,728.12
Due from national banks (not reserve agents) \$ 472,517.36
Due from State and private banks and bankers, trust companies, and savings banks.....111,214.56
Due from approved reserve agents.....426,638.03
Checks and other cash items.....8,017.63
Exchange for clearing-house.....50,945.28
Notes of other national banks.....16,420.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents.....522.12
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz.:
Specie.....319,654.00
Legal-tender notes.....65,480.00

Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation).. 1,471,409.48
Total.....\$4,567,229.48
LIABILITIES.
Capital stock paid in.....\$ 500,000.00
Surplus fund.....100,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid.....42,603.08
National bank notes outstanding... 401,800.00
Due to other national banks.....\$ 344,060.12
Due to State and private banks and bankers.....108,925.01
Due to trust companies and savings banks.... 414,030.46
Dividends unpaid.....30.00
Individual deposits subject to check.....2,371,432.88
Demand certificates of deposit.....125,638.68
Certified checks.....5,288.71
Cashier's checks outstanding.....13,402.54
Bonds borrowed.....3,382,826.40
Total.....\$4,567,229.48

STATE OF CALIFORNIA, COUNTY OF LOS Angeles, ss.:
I, G. W. Fishburn, cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of February, 1909.
(Seal) J. E. CAREY, Notary Public.
Correct—Attest:
ERNEST H. MAY, HARRY GRAY,
H. W. FRANK, H. S. McKEE, Directors.

ALBERT SEARL Reliable Investment Securities

400-401 GROSSE BUILDING
Member Los Angeles Stock Exchange
Telephone F6477

\$69,459.96 CASH

Divided Monday, February 15th

Come in and get your share if you are one of our 1945 stockholders

This our 52nd Quarterly Cash Dividend makes 555 per cent paid in the last 13 1-6 years, an average of over 40 per cent a year.

OVER \$1,000,000.00 PROFITS YET UNDIVIDED

Become a stockholder NOW, and participate in all future quarterly cash dividends. We have always protected stockholders against loss by being compelled to sell. A fund is deposited in the Globe Savings bank for this purpose.

\$25,000 worth of stock has been placed on the market at \$2.65 per share. This price will advance to \$2.70 February 27th and to \$2.75 March 31st. Now is the time to co-operate with us, and be one of the successful.

START IF WITH ONLY FIVE SHARES

Not more than 1,000 shares sold to one person.

Los Angeles Investment Co.

335-337 South Hill Street

Largest Co-operative Building Company in the World

PAID-IN CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$2,259,000.00

FOUNDED 1866

Incorporated Under Laws of California 1899

ESTABLISHED IN LOS ANGELES 1895

ITS MOST PROSPEROUS YEAR

Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company's Enviably Record

That was an interesting occasion last Monday when, after the annual stockholders' meeting and election of officers, the various officials and heads of departments of the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance company enjoyed an elaborate luncheon at the California club. The officers of last year who were re-elected are George I. Cochran, president; Gail B. Johnson, vice-president and treasurer; John F. Roche, second vice-president and actuary; Danford M. Baker, third vice-president; C. I. D. Moore, secretary; R. J. Maier, assistant secretary; Thos. B. Inch, assistant treasurer, and W. W. Beckett, M. D., medical director. The re-elected directors are Henry T. Scott, Isaac Milbank, John B. Miller, Joseph H. Clark, Lee A. Phillips, J. C. Drake, E. J. Marshall, Fred H. Beaver, W. W. Beckett, W. H. Crocker, Dr. H. G. Brainerd, J. F. Roche, Gail B. Johnson, Dr. John R. Haynes, W. H. Davis, Geo. I. Cochran, Dr. Milbank Johnson, J. S. Tanner, Lucien Shaw, D. M. Baker, and J. N. Russell, Jr.

In his annual report to the policyholders of the "home company," President Cochran brought out facts which should prove of interest to those interested in financial affairs. In spite of the monetary stringency of last year the company's financial standing is the most prosperous in its history.

With more insurance in force in 1908 than in 1907, the death losses were \$63,887 less than the previous year. During 1908 policy-holders were paid \$2,037,365, of which \$380,955 was for dividends. The reserve fund was also increased by more than \$1,625,000. In addition to this, future exigencies were guarded against by various sums being set aside for taxes and dividends. The total amount of insurance in force is \$104,402,879.

A record which rival companies would find it difficult to equal lines in the fact that every dollar of interest due on mortgage loans or bonds was paid by the thirty-first day of December. Seldom are the total interest earnings on investments as large, or larger, than the net death-claims of a life insurance company, and when they are proved so that company is regarded as impregnable. The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance company's books show them to be so situated.

Since 1899 the assets of the company have quadrupled, as has its income. The business written in the life department has tripled and the business in force has quintupled.

In 1908 the income for the premium, life and accident departments, was \$4,828,368.39; interest on bonds and stocks, mortgage loans, other interest and rent amounted to \$722,203.38; profit from real estate sold was \$48,459.16; other income, \$34,093.30, making a total of \$5,633,124.23.

Disbursements to the policy-holders, life department, amounted to \$2,037,364.96; expenses reached the figure of \$1,765,580.09, making a total expenditure of \$3,802,945.05. This shows the excess income to be \$1,830,179.18. The standing of this company is best explained by its own statements of its assets and liabilities, which follow:

Assets

Loans on real estate.....	\$ 5,930,125.75
Loans to policy-holders..	2,316,126.54
Loans on approved collaterals	329,210.43
Bonds and stocks owned..	4,993,137.31
Real estate owned.....	1,141,901.30
Interest and rent—due and accrued	161,125.29
Outstanding and deferred premiums	730,238.25
Cash on hand.....	498,208.84

Total admitted assets.....\$16,100,073.71

Liabilities

Reserve on policies.....	\$14,156,424.88
Death claims in process of adjustment	114,702.50
Premiums and interest paid in advance.....	66,929.55
Premium taxes, payable in 1909	51,284.09
Amount set aside for future dividends to policy-holders	78,332.64
All other liabilities.....	99,756.36

Total liabilities

Surplus to policy-holders. 1,532,644.19

Total

The Pacific Mutual Life Insurance company is strictly a home product, but it has become so well known

CONDENSED STATEMENT OF THE

Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles

As reported to the Comptroller of the Currency at the close of business February 5, 1909

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Loans and Discounts	\$6,354,126.92	Capital	\$1,500,000.00
United States Bonds.....	1,764,927.50	Surplus	1,000,000.00
Other Bonds	1,510,778.30	Undivided Profits.....	824,637.31
Bank Premises	412,551.22	National Bank Notes.....	1,500,000.00
Cash on Hand \$2,547,752.30		Deposits	\$10,823,784.16
Due from Banks 2,983,285.23			
Cash and Sight Exchange. \$5,531,037.53			
Redemption Fund with United States Treasurer.....	75,000.00		
	\$15,648,421.47		\$15,648,421.47

This Bank Is the Oldest and Has the Largest Capital and Surplus of Any Bank in Southern California

Report of the Condition of the

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES

At the Close of Business

FEBRUARY 5, 1909

RESOURCES		DEMAND CERTIFICATES OF DEPOSIT	
Loans and Discounts	\$2,413,021.38	582,671.49
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	11,255.64	Certified Checks	14,137.25
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation.....	1,000,000.00	Cashier's Checks outstanding	10,755.33
U. S. Bonds to secure U. S. Deposits.....	40,000.00	United States Deposits	40,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds.....	38,038.46		4,026,154.71
Bonds, Securities, etc.	422,756.00	Total	\$6,188,424.12
Banking house, Furniture and Fixtures.....	228,000.00	STATE OF CALIFORNIA,	
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents) ..	\$263,106.03	COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES, ss.	
Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers,		I, Wm. W. Woods, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.	
Trust Companies, and Savings Banks.....	497,033.97	WM. W. WOODS, Cashier.	
Due from Approved Reserve Agents.....	360,140.97	Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of February, 1909.	
Checks and other Cash Items.....	11,659.56	R. B. HARDACRE, Notary Public.	
Exchanges for Clearing House.....	83,728.80	CORRECT—Attest:	
Notes of other National Banks.....	133,581.00	M. J. MONNETTE,	
Fractional Paper Currency, Nickels and Cents....	3,145.06	W. R. HERVEY,	
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz.:		J. C. F. HULL,	
Specie	632,957.25	Directors.	
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	50,000.00	OFFICERS	
Total	\$6,188,424.12	M. J. MONNETTE.....President	
LIABILITIES		W. R. HERVEY.....Vice-President	
Capital stock paid in.....	\$1,000,000.00	J. C. F. HULL.....Vice-President	
Surplus fund	70,000.00	WM. W. WOODS.....Cashier	
Undivided Profits, less Expenses and Taxes Paid.....	100,271.91	A. M. BROWN.....Asst. Cashier	
National Bank Notes outstanding.....	982,907.50	GEORGE RUGBEE.....Asst. Cashier	
Due to other National Banks.....	\$ 390,411.04	DIRECTORS	
Due to State and Private Banks and Bankers....	183,938.80	M. J. Monnette,	
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks.....	390,470.89	O. E. Monnette,	
Dividends unpaid	598.00	J. C. F. Hull,	
Individual Deposits subject to check.....	2,413,171.22	D. Mackenzie,	
		Lee C. Gates,	
		M. J. Connell,	
		W. J. Hole,	
		Wm. W. Woods,	
		A. W. Skinner,	
		Jas. Bastable,	
		F. C. Bolt,	
		R. Shettler,	
		C. M. Wood,	
		W. R. Hervey,	
		S. A. Butler,	
		F. N. Pfaffinger,	
		H. W. Frank,	

throughout the United States that it is a vital factor in the life insurance world. It is an organization of which every Californian may well be proud, and one to which the Los Angeleno slogan, "Buy and boost home products," should be especially applied. Its home office building is a model of comfort, utility and architectural beauty.

IF ELECTRIC ENERGY FAILED

What Moderns Would Experience in a Day Without Electricity

Did you ever stop to think what it would mean if all electric energy should suddenly cease to exist? Few of us realize the almost unlimited possibilities of this wonderful power, or the uses to which it has already been adapted. Let us see what would happen if this great force were suddenly removed from the world one night while you slept.

On arising you try to turn on the lights in vain—and the electric heater remains cold. No car is running to take you to the office. You try to call up Central to find out what is the matter, but the wires aren't working. You run over to a friend's to get a ride down town in his auto. The electric bell will not ring, so you bruise your knuckles knocking. When you get him he cheerfully agrees to take you along, but is unable to do so because the igniter, which depends on an electric spark, will not work. You have to get a cab—or walk—and in town you find a mob of confused people hurrying to work, as late as you are.

If the office becomes close or warm, you cannot start the electric fan to ventilate it. Your urgent telegrams are returned to you unsent. An important business appointment with a man from the city 100 miles distant is unkept, because the dispatchers cannot direct the movement of trains, and it is dangerous to run them until new methods of signaling can be devised. Moreover, you receive no mail and can send none.

A riot starts in the streets, but the police cannot be called from the patrol box. A fire breaks out, but the fire department does not know it, until informed by messenger. No electrical dental or surgical apparatus can be used. Countless industries are paralyzed which use electric power, and the employees left idle.

Ships on the high seas are left helpless because compasses will not work.

Not only do wireless messages and cablegrams cease, but all daily news service from nearby places as well.

The price of fuel would materially advance, and in consequence the cost of nearly all articles of food and clothing, to say nothing of the rapidly increased consumption of our already fast diminishing natural resources, especially coal and wood.

In short, to deprive the world of electricity now, would not only be to render the industrial world helpless for the present, and necessitate the unlearning of nearly all modern industrial methods and the solving anew of all its complicated problems, but to cut off the chief hope of the future for escape from economic ruin when our present supply of natural resources is exhausted—which day, we are told, is not in the so far distant future.

T. H. Morgan

Dentist

324 MASON BUILDING

Corner Fourth and Broadway

Crown and Bridge Work
a Specialty

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES

At the close of business February 5, 1909

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 9,720,483.41
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	14,607.28
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	1,250,000.00
Bonds to secure U. S. Deposits	505,000.00
U. S. Bonds on hand	5,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	None
Bonds, securities, etc.	702,728.61
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	\$1,218,917.17
Due from State banks and bankers	333,840.43
Due from approved reserve agents	1,125,874.05
Checks and other cash items	94,101.12
Exchange for clearing house	201,018.84
Notes of other National Banks	11,493.00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	5,193.55
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz.:	
Specie	\$1,081,005.00
Legal tender notes	500,900.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	2,272,505.00
Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasurer	62,500.00
Total	\$17,592,272.08

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 1,250,000.00
Surplus fund	250,000.00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	1,350,028.47
National Bank notes outstanding	971,700.00

Statement of the Condition of the

Los Angeles Trust Company

Los Angeles, California,

At the close of business February 5, 1909

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$2,714,200.13
Overdrafts	731.92
Bonds, securities, etc.	1,095,613.44
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	428,000.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	860,531.71
Total	\$5,099,137.20
LIABILITIES	
Capital	\$1,000,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits	423,750.84
Deposits	3,525,386.36
Bond account	150,000.00
Total	\$5,099,137.20

Due to other National Banks	\$ 967,782.97
Due to State banks and bankers	758,890.39
Due to trust and savings banks	874,280.67
Dividends unpaid	1,042.50
Individual deposits subject to check	9,940,350.12
Demand certificates of deposit	628,082.83
Certified checks	31,983.46
Cashier's checks outstanding	143,073.02
U. S. Deposits	311,903.03
Letters of credit	7,136.00
Total Deposits	13,670,543.59
Bond account	100,000.00

Total \$17,592,272.06

*No Real Estate.
No Furniture and Fixtures.
No Premium on U. S. Bonds.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES, ss.

I, W. T. S. HAMMOND, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 9th day of February, 1909.

Correct Attest: W. T. S. HAMMOND, Notary Public.

J. M. Elliott, W. C. Patterson, M. H. Flint,
Stoddard Jess, G. E. Bittinger, H. Jevne,
Directors.

Statement of the Condition of the

Metropolitan Bank and Trust Company

Los Angeles, California,

At the close of business February 5, 1909

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$ 380,093.47
Overdrafts	1,035.69
Bonds, securities, etc.	279,000.00
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	322,500.00
Cash and Sight Exchange	382,163.59
Total	\$1,370,792.75
LIABILITIES	
Capital	\$ 250,000.00
Surplus and undivided profits	95,446.82
Deposits:	
Demand	\$505,757.20
Time	429,588.67
Total	\$1,370,792.75

Report of the Condition of the

CITIZENS NATIONAL BANK OF LOS ANGELES

In the State of California

At the Close of Business, February 5th, 1909

RESOURCES	
Loans and Discounts	\$2,300,235.91
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	8,821.28
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	185,000.00
U. S. Bonds to secure U. S. Deposits	50,000.00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	7,050.00
Bonds, securities, etc.	102,056.00
Banking house, Furniture and Fixtures	45,000.00
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	\$326,962.04
Due from State and Private Banks and Bankers	
Trust Companies and Savings Banks	72,193.30
Due from approved Reserve Agents	300,572.87
Checks and other Cash Items	9,073.15
Exchanges for Clearing House	85,007.61
Notes of other National Banks	6,425.00
Fractional Paper Currency, Nickels and Cents	356.84
Lawful Money Reserve in Bank, viz.:	
Specie	397,039.35
Legal-tender notes	14,808.00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation)	9,250.00
Total	\$4,018,845.35

LIABILITIES	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 300,000.00
Surplus fund	300,000.00
Undivided Profits, less Expenses and Taxes paid	134,208.90
National Bank Notes outstanding	183,200.00
Due to other National Banks	\$ 214,476.37
Due to State and Private Banks and Bankers	230,070.74
Due to Trust Companies and Savings Banks	406,581.13
Dividends unpaid	1,050.00
Individual Deposits subject to check	2,115,530.07
Demand Certificates of Deposit	25,384.81
Certified Checks	4,429.14
Cashier's Checks outstanding	11,723.41
United States Deposits	40,000.00
Liabilities other than those above stated (letters of credit)	2,100.69
Total	\$4,018,845.35

STATE OF CALIFORNIA,
COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES, ss.
I, A. J. Waters, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
A. J. WATERS, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of Feb., 1909.
(Seal) C. E. FISH, Notary Public.

Correct—Attest:
JNO. J. FAY, JR.
L. W. BLINN.
ROBT. HALE,
Directors.

OFFICERS
R. J. WATERS President
J. ROSS CLARK Vice-President
A. J. WATERS Cashier
GEO. E. F. DUFFET Assistant Cashier
E. T. PETTIGREW Assistant Cashier

DIRECTORS
R. J. Waters
J. Ross Clark
A. G. Hubbard
L. W. Blinn
J. M. Hale
John H. Norton
C. A. Canfield
E. L. Doheny
E. G. Fay
Robert Hale
Jno. J. Fay, Jr.
A. J. Waters

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If you want your home to look as bright as day, then use

Incandescent Gas Lamps

They give a Strong, Steady, yet 'Mellow Light.'

Fine light for reading. Does not hurt your eyes.

Incandescent Gas Lamps

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"SELECT BREW"

THE BEER OF THE CONNOISSEUR



Maier Brewing Co.

440 Aliso Street

BOTH PHONES EXCHANGE 91

LUCILLE'S LETTER

My Dear Harriet: In the spring a woman's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of spring finery—to her edification and to the demoralization of her Dear Man's pocket book.

Of course, the first thing to purchase is a new suit—something serviceable and natty and with a crowning touch of elegance. For a paragon that combines all these qualities you would better go to Myer Siegel's at 251 South Broadway. Here you will find the noblest garments with all the latest eccentricities in the world of fashion. It's certainly worth your while to inspect them.

If you want to have a suit made to order an unimpeachable shop from which to purchase the material is the Boston Store. They have a captivating line of goods, all the standard materials as well as the novelties. I have told you before the Tussah Royals—the new mixture of wool and mohair which it is almost impossible to muss. This material is handled exclusively by the Boston Store. It comes in all shades and tones and is especially popular for semi-dress occasions. The Prunella—a material with the satin finish that is positively necessary this season—is quite the thing for the princess gowns. It comes in all shades and is particularly entrancing in a bronze. Another new material is the Sataline, which is good for jacket suits. It is lightweight and exceedingly appropriate for spring and summer wear; as are the French twills. The Boston also has a varied selection of English and Scotch suitings, which are very good for strictly tailor-made garments. And of course the Boston keeps a complete assortment of broadcloths, the popularity of which seems never to wane.

Naturally, a new suit demands new gloves, and if you want to be sure you are just in vogue, go to Blackstone's for them. Their spring consignments have been received—both in the short and long gloves. Of course, the short, heavy glove is the thing for street wear, but long gloves always will be in demand for evening. Black and white are the popular shades this season, but the heavy tan cape glove with its boyish-looking straps and buckles never lose their charm for womankind. A glove is a little thing, my dear, but a woman isn't well dressed unless her hands are immaculately gloved, and at Blackstone's they are valuable assistants in this line.

Trimmings never have been so much in demand as they are this year, and if you want to get decidedly pretty ones, the Ville de Paris is your Mecca. Such a scrumptiousness as they have! Any kind of tassel you want—and tassels are positively necessary nowadays—can be found here, and the gold and silver ones are perfect dreams. Their new trimmings are gorgeous things, my dear. Imagine a long band of crystal and gold beads, or the pure crystal, that shimmer and glitter in the light as though they were diamonds. Then, too, there are all sorts of novelties in the Persian bands and the ultra fashionable jet bands and fringes. In fact, you can get any imaginable conceit in the trimming line at the Ville de Paris.

The spring fashions for clothes are pretty and quaint, Harriet, but I do wish they'd change the fashion in hair. I lost the puffs off my Psyche doughnut and am positively ashamed to advertise for them. Therefore, my wail.

Always yours,

LUCILLE.

South Figueroa Street,
February tenth.

I GIVE YOU HEALTH



Mathie's Malt Tonic

ONE DOZEN BOTTLES DELIVERED \$1.50

The MATHIE BREWING CO.

1834-1856 East Main Street.



No other box of candy like "Rough House." It's a surprise to the last piece. All different centers, covered with a rough chocolate coating. "Simply great," everyone says.

POUND BOXES 50 CENTS

Sold by more than 300 dealers in Los Angeles

BISHOP & COMPANY, LOS ANGELES

Grand Canyon

of Arizona

To see how the world was made visit the GRAND CANYON of Arizona. Down in the earth a mile—you see strata of every known geological age—and all glorified by a rainbow beauty of color. You can stop at the Canyon on your way East. El Tovar Hotel, on brink of Canyon, is under Fred Harvey management.

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JNO. J. BYRNE, A. P. T. M.,
Los Angeles.



Los Angeles-Pacific Company

ELECTRIC LINES

Shortest and Quickest line from Los Angeles to the ocean

Take a Trip to VENICE, OCEAN PARK, SANTA MONICA, PLAYA DEL REY or REDONDO

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HILL STREET Between Fourth and Fifth | LOS ANGELES Passenger Stations | FOURTH STREET Between Broadway and Hill

Santa Catalina Island

Banning Line Steamers

DAILY SERVICE

This resort is unequalled for Climate, Marine Gardens, Boating, Bathing, Fishing, Wild Goat Hunting, Golf, Tennis, etc. It has the combined advantages of Ocean and Mountain resorts.

Hotel Metropole, European Plan

Information and Literature from
Banning Co., 104 Pacific Electric Building, Los Angeles

G. F. Barlow

John Koster

IMPERIAL CAFE

243 S. Spring St. Entrances: 242 S. Broadway
Instrumental selections and songs by Albert Tint and Phil Stebbins, from 1 to 6 each afternoon. The Chicago Ladies' Symphony Orchestra, under the direction of Prof. Bernard Perboner, will render choice selections from 6 to 12:45 daily.

"San Diego," The Quality Beer

In a Class by Itself—Families Supplied

Iroquois Bottling Company

EXCLUSIVE BOTTLERS

FOR LOS ANGELES

Main 431

Mr. Publisher:

All the mechanical work on The Graphic is done by us.

BAUMGARDT PUBLISHING CO.

116 North Broadway

Both
Telephones

A 1161
Main 1161

Levy's Cafe

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The Best Conducted Cafe and Restaurant in Los Angeles

Business Men's Lunch Served in Grill Room Daily—40 cents, which includes coffee, tea, beer or wine. Entrance to Grill room on Main.

After Theater Suppers
a Specialty

The Largest and Best Orchestra in the City

NEW RAMBLERS

Are new in style and model—with the old-time constant service that has made 'em famous.

W. K. COWAN

2-34 South Broadway